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LOOK ABOUT YOU

1600

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS

1913

This reprint of *Look about You* has been prepared under the direction of the General Editor.

Dec. 1913.

W. W. Greg.

No entry of *Look about You* has been found in the Stationers' Register. It was printed for William Ferbrand in quarto, with the date 1600, and bore the devices of Edward Allde. The type is roman of a size approximating to modern pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.). Copies are in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, the Dyce Collection, and in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. The second of these is imperfect, wanting the last two sheets, and is somewhat mutilated besides. The present reprint is based on the Bodleian copy so far as it goes, supplemented from that in the British Museum, while the two other copies mentioned have also been consulted.

On the title-page is a statement to the effect that the piece had lately been performed by the Lord Admiral's company. In 1600 these men had been for some years in regular occupation of the Rose, Henslowe's playhouse on the Bankside. Unfortunately there is no entry in that manager's accounts of any play which can be identified with the present piece with sufficient plausibility to make it worth while discussing the matter here. It must however be mentioned that in June and July 1601 we find Henslowe making advances to one Anthony Wadeson, a poet who does not elsewhere appear in the Diary, in earnest of a play called 'The Honourable Life of the Humorous Earl of Gloucester with his Conquest of Portugal' (fols. 85, 87^v, 91^v). Since *Look about You* ends with Gloucester's announcement of his purpose of going to Portugal to drive out the Saracens, it is fairly obvious that Wadeson's play was intended as a sequel to the present piece. There is then some, though not very conclusive, ground for supposing that Anthony Wadeson may have been the author of *Look about You*.

LIST OF DOUBTFUL READINGS, &C.

N.B.—The following is primarily a list of those passages in which the reading of the original is open to question, and of those in which different copies of the original have been found to vary. It also includes a number of readings which are evident typographical blunders of the original, or which are liable to be mistaken for such, this being necessary as a defence of the accuracy of the reprint. It makes, however, no pretence of supplying a complete list of errors and corruptions, still less of offering any criticism or emendation, nor does the appearance of a reading in this list necessarily imply that it is incorrect.

The printing of the present play is far from accurate. In a very large number of cases speeches end with a comma, and towards the end colons are frequent after speakers' names. These two irregularities have been disregarded in the following list. Only one instance of a variation between copies has been observed (l. 285).

82 <i>Old.</i>	716 faith
191 left	749 Vertuuous
214 an] <i>possibly a n</i>	752 Solicitie
216] <i>no catchword</i>	782 calling
282 Aud] <i>really turned n</i>	784 Porter,
285 Ioh O] <i>Ioh O Bodl. Dyce, Devon.:</i>	879 them
<i>Ih O B.M.</i>	895 passe, Skink] <i>comma doubtful</i>
298 fitly] <i>possibly fi tly</i>	897 and
343 lands	918 Exit.] <i>period doubtful</i>
369 to you	933 harsh] <i>r doubtful, portion visible</i>
414 wiu,	<i>in Dyce</i>
445 Faukenbridge	966 plauge
472 fieldes,	972 number lesse
520 ty de,	997 <i>Quee</i>
531 Fau kenbridge,	1002 <i>off,</i>
567 antiqiuity	1014, 1027 <i>Quee</i>
578 <i>Blo</i>	1045 Gads
580 will	1054 heere :
585 excepts	1065 that] <i>lacuna</i>
595 ties	1117 ever
603 he	1121 Pnifeuant.] <i>really turned u</i>
<i>minde.</i>	1128 <i>Exeuntt.</i>
619 <i>Ric</i>	1181 heare,] <i>first e doubtful</i>
623 (you	1267 Betteriwis
628 <i>Blis.</i>	1278 <i>Ski</i>
630 bafe	1289 suspition,
712 <i>La. how</i>	1352 <i>Io</i>
713 fercretly.	1373 Gloste radieu.

- 1386 *Fau*
 1411 *Fau*,
 1447 BerLady,
 1452 *Rcib*.
 1472 Salutation.] *possibly* Salutation,
 1526 *Dra*,
 1548 Withing
 1549 stickt.] *possibly* stickt,
 1567 *Richard*.
 1579] *indented*
 1581 feeke,] *possibly* fee ke,
 1586 out,
 1589 twy lights
 1608 lyiug
 1609—to plea-[fnre,] *really* turned u
 1659 th'emaffe,
 1667 *Rcib*.
 1697 fo
 1743 at
 1758 Lordships
 1771 c.w. it
 1792 ad
 1812 *Red*,
 1844 *Exit*
 1869 houour'd
 1989 he'll
 2026 them
 2028 apray.
 2035 *Fa*.
 2038 abots
 2041 *Fau*,
 2107 *Glo*
 2125 font
 2129 the fiends] *possibly* thefiends
 2164 be thinke
 2175 your are '
 2200 in,
 2216 inposd
 2241 eue n
 2284 made : ?
 2312 methinkes] *possibly* me thinks
 2314 prining
 2317 wowed
 2318 giuen good] *possibly* giuengood
 2324 *La*
 2344 as
 2356 *Rob*,
 2369 himselfe ;
 2371 me. she
 2402 *Exit*
 2432 it,] *possibly* it.
 2494 (friend
 2504 *twife*
 2511 wondrous
 2571 blindand
 2579 sport
 2582 wray
 2587 hy
 2593 aspectacle,
 2643 theeuish] *possibly* the euish
 2669 *Ley*,
 2699 *La*,
 2719 tougue
 2725 admit] *possibly* a dmit
 2758 He's
 Block Bl.
 2790 g one
 2793 *Princesse*
 2833 cornation,
 2874 *Coronts*.
 2879 *she a Coronet*
 2915 *Ley*,
 2918 A gainst
 2930 William
 2962 refoul'd,
 3002 furies] *possibly* furies
 3018 ex ecution
 3054 Soveraigne.
 3072 it
 3120 mad :
 3121 *Hen*
 3195 scotrch
 3212 *Exeunt*
 Running-titles :
 E 2^v A] *really* turned V
 E 3^v V
 H 3^v Commodity,] *possibly*
 C om mody,
 I 3 Looke] *possibly* Lo o ke

LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

ROBIN HOOD, Earl of HUNTINGDON.	a Constable of the Watch.
his Servant.	BLOCK, servant to Fauconbridge.
SKINK.	Lady FAUCONBRIDGE, sister to Gloucester.
HENRY the Second, King of England.	the Porter of the Fleet.
HENRY	Queen ELINOR, wife of King Henry.
RICHARD } his sons.	a Pursuivant.
JOHN }	a Drawer.
ROBERT, Earl of GLOUCESTER.	a Sheriff.
Earl of LANCASTER.	HUMPHREY, servant to Fauconbridge.
Earl of CHESTER.	a Page of Lady Rawford's.
Earl of LEICESTER.	MUSIC.
SIR RICHARD FAUCONBRIDGE.	the Wife of Prince Henry.
the Warden of the Fleet.	
REDCAP, son to the porter of the Fleet.	

Two Heralds, Watch, Sheriffs, Officers, Huntsmen, Senet, Isabel wife of Prince John.

The name Humphrey, by which the servingman in Sc. XI (ll. 1767-8) is addressed, is most likely that of the actor Humphrey Jeffes.

A
PLEASANT
COMMODIE,
CALL'D
Locke about you.

As it was lately played by the right honourable
the Lord High Admirall his servants



L O N D O N,
Printed for William Ferbrand, and are to be
solde at his shop at the signe of the Crowne
neere Guild-hall gate.
1600.



A pleasaunt Commodye
called
Looke about you.

*Enter Robert Hood a young Noble-man, a seruant wit^h him,
with ryding wandes in theyr handes, as if they had beene new
lighted.*

Robert.

GOe, walke the horses, wayte me on the hill,
This is the Hermits Cell, goe out of sight:
My Busines with him must not be reueal'd,
To any mortall creature but himselfe.

Sau. Ile waite your honour in the crosse high-way. *Exit.*

Rob. Doe so: Hermit deuout and reuerend,
If drouisie age keepe not thy stiffened ioyntes,
On thy vnrestfull bed, or if the houres
Of holy Orizons detayne thee not,
Come foorth.

Enter Skinke like an Hermit.

Skin. Good morrow son, good morrow, & God bleſſe thee
A brighter Gleame of true Nobility (Huntington,
Shines not in any youth more then in thee.
Thou shalt be rich in honour, full of speed,
Thou shalt win foes by feare, and friend by meede.

Rob. Father, I come not now to know my fate,
Important busines vrgeth Princely Richard, *Decliner letters.*
In these termes to salute thy reuerent age.
Read and be brieſe, I know some cause of trust,
Made him imploy me for his messenger.

Skin. A cause of trust indeed true honoured youth,
Princes had need in matters of import,

A
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CALLED
Looke about you.

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ble the Lord High Admirall his seruants



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GOe, walke the horsfes, wayte me on the hill,
This is the Hermits Cell, goe out of fight: ·
My busines with him must not be reueal'd,
To any mortall creature but himselfe.

Seru. Ile waite your honour in the crosse high-way. *Exit.*

Rob. Doe so: Hermit deuout and reuerend, 10
If drouisie age keepe not thy stiffened ioyntes,
On thy vnrestfull bed, or if the houres
Of holy Orizons detayne thee not,
Come forth.

Enter Skinke like an Hermit.

Skin. Good morrow son, good morrow, & God bleffe thee
A brighter Gleame of true Nobility (Huntington,
Shines not in any youth more then in thee.
Thou shalt be rich in honour, full of speed,
Thou shalt win foes by feare, and friends by meede. 20

Rob. Father, I come not now to know my fate,
Important busines vrgeth Princely *Richard*, *Deliuier letters.*
In these termes to salute thy reuerent age.
Read and be brieve, I know some cause of trust,
Made him imploy me for his messenger.

Skin. A cause of trust indeed true honoured youth,
Princes had need in matters of import,

A pleafant Commodity,

To make nice choyfe faire Earle, if I not erre,
Thou art the Princes ward.

Ro. Father I am his ward, his Chamberlaine & bed-fellow. 30

Skin. Faire fall thee honourable *Robert Hood*,
Wend to Prince *Richard*, fay though I am loath,
To vfe my skill in Coniuration:

Yet *Skinke* that poyfoned red cheekt *Rofamond*,
Shall make appearaunce at the Parlament,
He fhall be there by noone affure his Grace.

Rob. Good morrow Father, fee you faile him not,
For though the villaine did a horrible deed,
Yet hath the young King *Richard*, and Earle *John*,
Sworne to defend him from his greateft foes. 40

Skin. Gods benizon be with thee noble Earle.

Rob. Adew good father, holla there, my horfe? *Exit.*

Skin. Vp, spur the kicking lade, while I make fpeede
To Coniure *Skinke* out of his Hermits weede;

Lye there religion, keep thy M. graue,
And on the faire truft of thefe Princes word

To Court againe *Skinke*: but before I goe,
Let mifchiefe take aduife of villany,

Why to the Hermit letters fhould be fent,
To poaft *Skinke* to the Court incontinent: 50

Is there no tricke in this? ha let me fee?

Or doe they know already I am he?

If they doe fo, faith weftward then with *Skinke*:

But what an affe am I to be thus fond,

Heere lyes the Hermit whom I dying found

Some two monthes fince, when I was howerly charg'd

With *Hugh* the Cryer and with Conftables,

I faw him in the ready way to heauen,

I helpt him forward, t'was a holy deed;

And there he lyes fome fixe foote in the ground, 60

Since when, and fince, I kept me in his weedes.

O what a world of fooles haue fill'd my Cell;

For Fortunes, run-awaies, ftolne goods, loft cattle,

Among the number, all the faction

That take the young Kings part againft the olde;

Come

called Looke about you.

Come to my selfe to harken for my selfe,

So did the aduerse party make enquire,

But eyther fall full of contrary desire:

The olde Kings part would kill me being stain'd,

The young Kings keep me from their violence.

70

So then thou needst not feare, goe boldly on,

Braue *Hall*, Prince *Dicke*, and my spruce hot spur *John*,

Heer's their safe conduct: O but for *Rosamond*!

A fig for *Rosamond*, to this hope Ile leane:

At a Queenes bidding I did kill a queane.

Sound Trumpets, enter with a Harrauld on the one side, Henry the sc. ii
second Crowned, after him Lancafter, Chefter, Sir Richard
Faukenbridge: on the other part, K. Henry the Sonne crowned,
Herrald after him: after him Prince Rich. Iohn, Leyster, being
set, enters fantastical Robert of Gloster in a gowne girt: walkes 80
vp and downe.

Old. K. Why doth not *Gloster* take his honoured seate?

Glo. In faith my Liege *Gloster* is in a land

Where neyther fuerty is to sit or stand.

I onely doe appeare as I am summoned,

And will awaite without till I am call'd.

Yon. K. Why heare you *Gloster*?

Glo. *Henry* I doe heare you.

Yon. K. And why not King?

Glo. What's he that sits so neere you?

90

Rich. King too.

Glo. Two Kings? ha, ha.

Ol. K. *Gloster* fit we charge thee.

Glo. I will obey your charge, I will sit downe,
But in this house, on no seate but the ground.

Iohn. The feat's too good.

Glo. I know it brother *Iohn*.

Jo. Thy brother? *Ol. K.* Silence there.

Yon. K. Passe to the billes Sir *Richard Faukenbridge*.

Fau. My Lieges both, olde *Faukenbridge* is proude
Of your right honour'd charge. He that worst may
Will straine his olde eyes, God send peace this day.

100

A pleafant Commodity

A bill for the releafement of the Queene prefer'd,
By *Henry* the young King, *Rich* the Prince, *John* Earle
Of Murton, *Bohmine* Earle of Leifter and the cōmons:

Old K. Did you preferre this byll?

All. We did.

Chest. Lanc. Yee did not well.

Glo. Why this is good, now fhall we haue the hell.

3. *Bro. Chester* and *Lanchafter* you wrong the King.

110

Chest. Lan. Our King we doe not.

Yon. K. Doe not you fee me crown'd?

Lanc. But whilst he liues we to none elfe are bound.

Ley. Is it not wrong thinke you, when all the world

Troubled with rumour of a captiue Queene,

Imprisoned by her husband in a Realme,

Where her owne sonne doth weare a Diademe?

Is like an head of people mutinous,

Still murmuring at the shame done her and vs?

Is't not more wrong when her mother zeale

120

Sounded through Europe, Affricke, Affia,

Tels in the hollow of newes-thirsting eares,

Queene *Elinor* liues in a dungion,

For pittie and affection to her sonne:

But when the true cause, Cliffords daughters death

Shall be expofed to ftranger nations:

What vollumes will be writ, what lybels fpred?

And in each lyne our ftate difhonoured.

Fauk. My Lord fpeakes to the purpofe, mary it may bee fo,

Pray God it prooue not fo.

130

Ley. Heare me conclude, and there withall conclude,

It is an heynous and vnheard-of finne:

Queene *Elinor* daughter to Kingly Fraunce,

King *Henries* wife and royall *Henries* mother,

Is kept clofe prifoner for an acte of Iuftice,

Committed on an odious Concubine,

Km. Thou wrongft her *Leifter*.

Lei. Leachers euer praife the cause of their confufion, the

Fau. She was ill fpoken of it's true, true. (was vile

Gloft. Yonder fits one would doe as much for you

140

Old

called Looke about you.

Olde foole, young *Richard* hath a gift I know it,
And on your wife my sifter would bestow it.
Heer's a good world men hate adulterous sin,
Count it a gulfe, and yet they needs will in

Lei. What answere for the Queene?

Lan. The King replyes your words are foule flaunderous

John. His highnes sayes not so. (forgeryes.

Lan. His highnes doth,

Tels you its a shame for such wilde youth,

To smother any impiety,

150

With shew to chastice loose adulterie.

Say *Rosamond* was *Henries* Concubine,

Had neuer King a Concubine but he?

Did *Rosamond* begin the fires in Fraunce?

Made she the Northerne borders reeke with flames?

Vnpeopled she the townes of Picardy?

Left she the wiues of England husbandles?

O no: she sinn'd I graunt, so doe we all,

She fell her selfe, desiring none should fall;

But *Elinor* whom you so much commend,

160

Hath been the bellowes of seditious fire,

Eyther through Iealious rage or mad desire;

Ist not a shame to thinke that she hath arm'd

Foure Sonnes right hands, against their fathers head,

And not the children of a low-priz'd wretch,

But one whom God on earth hath deified?

See where he sits with sorrow in his eyes,

Three of his Sonnes and hers tutor'd by her,

Smiles whilst he weeps, and with a proude disdaine,

Imbrace blith mirth, while his sad heart complaine.

170

Fau. Ha laugh they? nay by the rood that is not wel,
Now fie young Princes fie.

Hen. Peace doting foole.

John. Be silent asse.

Fau. With all my heart my Lords, my humble leaue my
Gods mother asse and foole for speaking truth, (Lords
Tis terrible, but fare yee well my Lords.

Rich. Nay stay good *Faukenbridge*, impute it rage,

That

A pleasant Commodity

That thus abuses your right reuerend age,
My brothers are too hot.

180

Fau. Too hot indeed, foole, affe, for speaking truth?
it's more than need.

Rich. Nay good Sir *Richard* at my kinde intreate
For all the loue I beare your noble houle,
Let not your absence kinde further wrath,
Each side's at counsell now sit downe I pray,
Ile quite it with the kindest loue I may.

Glo. I to his wife.

Fau. Prince *Richard* Ile sit downe,
But by the faith I owe fayre Englands Crowne,
Had you not been I would haue left the place,
My seruice merits not so much disgrace.

190

Ric. Good *Faukenbridge* I thanke thee. *Go to their places.*

Glo. And you'l thinke of him, if you can step into his bower
at Stepney.

Fau. Prince *Richard*'s very kinde, I know his kindenes,
He loues me, but he loues my Lady better,
No more, Ile watch him, Ile preuent his game,
Young Lad, it's ill to halt before the lame.

*They breake a sunder. Papers this while being offred and
subscribed betweene eyther.* 200

Hen. Ile not subscribe to this indignity,
Ile not be call'd a King but be a King;
Allow me halfe the Realme, giue me the North,
The Prouinces that lye beyond the Seas,
Wales and the Isles that compasse in the mayne.

Glo. Nay giue him all and he will scant be pleas'd.

Rich. Brother you aske too much.

John. To much, too little, hee shall haue that and more, I
I will haue Nottingham and Salisbury, (fweare he shall. 210
Stafford and Darby, and some other Earledome,
Or by S. *John* (whose blessed name I beare)
Ile make these places like a wilderness.
Ist not a plague, an horrible abuse,
A King, a King of England, should be Father
To foure such proper youths, as *Hall*, and *Dicke*,

called Looke about you.

My brother *Geffrey* and my proper selfe,
And yet not giue his sonnes fuch maintenaunce,
As he consumes among his minions.

Rich. Be more respectiue *John*.

220

Jo. Respectiue *Richard*, are you turn'd pure? a changing we-
I say it's reason *Henry* should be King, (ther-cocke?
Thou Prince, I Duke, as *Jeffry* is a Duke.

Lan. What shall your Father doe?

Jo. Liue at his prayers, haue a sufficient pention by the yere,
Repent his finnes because his end is neere.

Glo. A gracious sonne, a very gracious sonne.

Kin. Will this content you? I that haue sat still,
Amaz'd to see my sonnes deuoyde of shame;
To heare my subiects with rebellious tongues,
Wound the kinde bosome of their Soueraigne,
Can no more beare, but from a bleeding hart
Deliuer all my loue, for all your hate:
Will this content thee cruell *Elinor*?

230

Your sauage mother, my vnciuill Queene;
The Tygresse that hath drunke the purple blood,
Of three times twenty thousand valiant men;
Washing her red chaps, in the weeping teares,
Of widdows, virgins, nurfes, sucking babes.
And lastly fort'd with her damn'd comforts,
Entred a laborinth to murder loue.
Will this content you? she shall be releast,
That she may next seaze me she most enuyes.

240

Hen. Our mothers liberty is some content.

Kin. What else would *Henry* haue? *Hen.* The Kingdome.

Kin. Peruse this byll, draw neere let vs conferre.

Job. *Hall* be not answered but with Soueraignty,
For glorious is the sway of Maiesty.

Kin. What would content you *John*?

Job. Fiue Earledomes Sir. *Kin.* What you sonne *Richard*? 250

Ric. Pardon gracious father, & th'furtheraunce for my vow
For I haue fworne to God and all his Saints, (of penance
These armes erected in rebellious brawles,
Against my Father and my Soueraigne,

A pleafant Commodity,

Shall fight the battles of the Lord of hoasts,
In wrong'd Iudea and Palestina,
That fhall be Richards pennance for his pride,
His bloud a fatisfaction for his finne,
His patrimony, men, munition,
And meanes to waft them into Siria.

260

Kin. Thou fhalt haue thy defire Heroyicke Sonne,
As foone as other home-bred brawles are done.

Lan. Why weepes olde Faukenbridge?

Fau. I am almoft blind, to heare fons cruell, and the fathers
Now well a neere that ere I liu'd to fee, (kinde,
Such patience and fo much impiety.

Glo. Brother content thee this is but the firft,
Worfe is a brewing, and yet not the worft.

Lei. You fhall not ftand to this. *Hen.* And why my Lord?

Ley. The lands of Moorton doth belong to Iohn.

270

Hen. What's that to me, by Acte of Parliament,
If they be mine confirm'd, he muft be pleas'd.

Iob. Be pleas'd King puppet? haue I ftood for thee,
Euen in the mouth of death? open'd my armes
To fercle in feditious vgly fhape?

Shooke hands with duety, bad adew to vertue,
Prophan'd all Maiefty in heauen and earth;
Writ in blacke Carracters on my white brow,
The name of rebell Iohn againft his Father:

For thee, for thee, thou Otimie of honour,
Thou worme of Maiefty, thou froth, thou puble.
Aud muft I now be pleas'd in peafe to ftand,
While ftatutes make thee owner of my land?

280

Glo. Good pafstime good, now will the theeues fall out?

Iob. O if I doe, let me be neuer held

Royall King Henryes fonne, pardon me father,
Pull downe this rebell that hath done thee wrong.
Dicke, come and leaue his fide, affayle him Lords,
Let's haue no parly but with billes and fwoordes.

Ki. Peace Iohn, lay downe thy armes, heare Henry fpeake, 290
He mindes thee no fuch wrong.

Io. He were not beft.

Hen. Why

called Looke about you.

Hen. Why hayre-brain'd brother can yee brooke no iest?
I doe confirme you Earle of Nottingham.

Io. And Moorton too? *Hen.* I and Moorton too.

Io. Why so, now once more Ile sit downe by you.

Glo. Blow winde, the youngest of King Henries stocke,
Would fitly serue to make a weather-cocke.

Io. Gape earth, challenge thine owne as Gloster lyes,
Pitty such mucke is couer'd with the skies.

Fau. Be quiet good my Lords, the Kings commaund
You should be quiet, and tis very meete,
It's most conuenient, how say you Prince Richard?

Rich. It is indeed.

Fa. Why that is wisely said, you are a very kinde indifferent
Mary a God and by my hollidame, (man,
Were not I had a feeling in my head,
Of some suspition twixt my wife and him,
I should affect him more then all the world.

Glo. Take heede olde Richard, keep thee there mad lad,
My Sister's faire, and beauty may turne bad.

Enter Robert Hood a paper in his hand.

Officer. Roome there, make roome for young Huntington.

Fau. A gallant youth, a proper Gentleman.

Hen. Richard I haue had wrong about his wardship.

Ric. You cannot right your selfe.

Jo. He can and shall.

Ric. Not with your help, but honourable youth
Haue yee perform'd the busines I enioyn'd?

Rob. I haue, and Skinke is come, heere is his bill,

Hen. No matter for his bill let him come in.

Kin. Let him not enter, his infectious breath
Will poyson the assembly.

Gl. Neuer doubt, ther's more infectious breaths about your
Leyster is there, your enuious Sonnes is there; (Throne,
If them you can endure, no poyson feare.

Kin. Content thee Gloster. (patient,

Glo. I must be content, when you that should mend all are

Hen. Welcome good Skinke thou iustly dost complaine,
Thou standst in dread of death for Rosamond,

A pleasant Commodity,

Whom thou didst poyson at our dread commaund,
And the appointment of our gracious Mother ;
See heere my Fathers hand vnto thy pardon.

Skin. I receiue it graciously, wishing his soule sweet peace,
in heauen for so meritorious a worke, for I feare me I haue
not his heart though his hand.

Kin. Be sure thou hast not, murderous bloud-sucker,
To iealous enuy executioner.

Hen. Besides thou suest to haue some maintenaunce,
We haue bethought vs how wee will reward thee,
Thou shalt haue Rowden Lordship.

340

Gloft. Shal he so? will you reward your murtherers with my

Hen. Your lands? it is our gift and he shall haue it. (lands

Glo. Ile giue him seafure first with this and this. *Strike him.*

John. Lay holde on *Gloster*.

Kin. Holde that murtherous *Skinke*.

Glo. Villaines hands off, I am a Prince, a Peere,
And I haue borne disgrace while I can beare.

Fau. Knaues leaue your rudenes, how now brother
Gloster? nay be appeas'd, be patient brother.

350

Rich. Shift for thy selfe good *Skinke*, ther's golde, away :
Heere will be parts.

Skin. Swonds Ile make one and stay.

Job. I prethee be gone since thus it falleth out,
Take water, hence, away, thy life I doubt.

Ski. Well, farewell, get I once out of doore,

Skinke neuer will put trust in warrants more.

Exit.

Kin. Will *Gloster* not be bridled ?

Glo. Yes my Liege and saddled too, and ryd, and spur'd, &
Such misery (in your Raigne) falles your friends, (rayn'd, 360
Let goe my armes, you dunghyls let me speake.

Kin. Wher's that knaue *Skinke?* I charge you see him stayd.

Fauk. The swift heel'd knaue is fled, body a me heer's rule,
Heer's worke indeed.

Kin. Follow that *Skinke*, let priuy search be made,
Let not one passe except he be well knowne,
Let poastes be euery way sent speedily,
For ten miles compasse round about the Citty.

Hen. Take

called Looke about you.

Hen. Take *Gloster* to you Liefetenant of the Tower,
Keep him aside till we conferre a while,
Father you must subscribe to his committing.

370

Lan. Why must he *Henry*? (lawes.

Ley. Mary for this cause, he hath broke peace and violated

Glo. So haue you all done, rebels as you be.

Fau. Good words good brother, heare me gracious Lords,

Hen. I prethee *Faukenbridge* be patient,
Gloster must of force answere this contempt.

Kin. I will not yeeld he shall vnto the Tower,
Warden of th'Fleete take you the charge of *Gloster*.

Hen. Why be it so, yet stay with him a while,
Till we take order for the company
That shall attend him, and resort to him.

380

Glo. Warden of the Fleete I see I am your charge,
Besfriend me thus, least by theyr commaund,
I be preuented of what I intend.

Keep. Commaund me any seruice in my power.

Glo. I pray you call some nimble footed fellow,
To doe a message for me to my sifter.

Keep. Call in *Redcap*, he waiteth with a Tipstaffe, *Exit one*
He stammers, but he's swift and trusty Sir. *for him.* 390

Enter Redcap.

Glo. No matter for his stammering, is this he?

Red. I I am am Re Redcap f f fir.

Glo. Run Redcap to Stepney.

Red. Ile be at Stepney p p presently.

Glo. Nay stay, goe to the Lady *Faukenbridge* my sifter.

Red. The La La Lady *Fau Fau Faukenbreech*, I r r run fir.

Glo. But take thy errand, tell her I am prisoner,
Committed to the Fleete.

Red. I am g g glad of th th that, my fa fa father the p p por- 400
ter sha shall ge ge get a f f fee by you. *Still runnes.*

Glo. Stand still a while, desire her to make meanes
Vnto Prince Richard for my liberty,
At thy returne (make speed) I will reward thee.

Red. I am g g gone fi fir.

Rich. Commend me to her gentle Huntington,

A pleasant Commodity

Tell her in these affayres Ile stand her friend,
Her brother shall not long be prisoner :
Say I will visit her immediatlie.

Be gone sweete boy to Marian Faukenbridge,
Thou lookest like loue perswade her to be louing.

410

Ro. So farre as honour will I will perswade,
Ile lay loues battery to her modest eares,
Second my milde assault, you may chaunce wiu,
Fare parley at the least, may hap passe in.

Exit.

Hen. Heere take your charge, let no man speake with him,
Except our selfe, our brethren, or Earle Leicester.

Fau. Not I my Lord, may not I speake with him ?

Hen. Yes Faukenbridge thou shalt.

Jo. And why ? he is his wiues brother

420

Fau. Earle Iohn, although I be, I am true vnto the State, &

Glo. What, shal I haue no seruant of my owne ? (so is he.

Hen. No, but the houtholde seruants of the Fleete.

Glo. I thanke you kinsman King, your father knowes,
Gloster may boldelie giue a base slaue blowes.

Fau. O but not heere, it was not well done heere.

Kin. Farewell good Gloster, you shall heare from vs.

Glo. Euen what your Sonnes will suffer you to send ;

Ist not a miserie to see you stand,

That some time was, the Monarch of this land,

430

Intreating traytors for a subiects freedome ?

Lei. Let him not speake, away with him to prison.

Glo. Heer's like to be a well stayd common wealth,
Where in proude Leister, and licentious Iohn,
Are pillers for the King to leane vpon.

Jo. Wee'll heare your rayling Lecture in the Fleete.

Hen. On our displeasure see he speake no more.

Glo. On thy displeasure, well yee haue me heere ;

O that I were within my Fort of Bungye

Whose walles are washt with the cleare streames of Aueney 440

Then would not Gloster passe a halfe-penny,

For all these rebels, and their poore King too.

Laughst thou King Henry ? thou knows my words are true,
God help thee good olde man, adew adew.

Jo. That

called Looke about you.

Io. That Castle shal be mine, where stands it Faukenbridge

Fau. Far from your reach sure, vnder Feckhill ridge.

Fiue hundred men (England hath few such wight)

Keeps it for Glosters vie both day and night :

But you may easly winne it, wantons words

Quickly can master men, tongues out brawle swords. 450

Io. Yee are an Idyot.

Rich. I prethee *John* forbear.

Job. What shall olde winter with his frosty iestes,
Crosse flowry pleasure ?

Fau. I and nip you too, God mary mother I would tickle
Were there no more in place but I and you. (you

Kin. Sease these contentions, forward to the Tower,
Release Queene Elinor, and leaue me there
Your prisoner I am sure, if yee had power,
Ther's nothing lets you but the Commons feare: 460

Keep your State Lords, we will by water goe,
Making the fresh Thames, salt with teares of woe.

Hen. And wee'll by land through the Citty ride,
Making the people tremble at our pride. *Exeunt with Trum-*

Enter Skinke solus *pets two waies. Sc. iii*

Skin. Blacke Heath quoth he, and I were King of all Kent,
I would giue it for a commodity of Apron-strings, to
Be in my cottage agen. Princes warrants, mary Skinke
Findes them as sure as an obligation seal'd with butter.

At Kings Bridge I durst not enter a boate, through 470
London the stones were fiery, I haue had a good

Coole way through the fieldes, and in the high way
To Ratcliffe stands a heater : Mile-end's couered with

Who goes there. Tis for me sure; O Kent, O Kent,

I would giue my part of all Christendome to feele

Thee as I see thee. If I goe forward I am stayed,

If I goe backward, ther's a roge in a red cap, he's run

From S. Iohnes after me : I were best stay heere,

Least if he come with hue and cry, he stop me yonder,

I would slip the collar for feare of the halter ; 480

But heere comes my runner, and if he run for me,

His race dyes, he is as sure dead, as if a Parlament

Of

A pleasant Commodity

Of Deuils had decreed it.

Enter Redcap.

Red. Ste Ste Stepney chi church yonder, but I haue forgot
The La La Lady Fau Fau Fau plague on her,
I mu must b backe to the Fle Fle Fleete to kn kn know it.
The la the la la Lady Fau, plague on't; G Gloster
Will go ne neere to ft stab me, fo for forgetting
My errand, he is such a ma ma mad Lord, the
La Lady Fau Fau Fau.

490

Skin. Help me deuise, vpon my life this foole is sent
From Gloster to his sifter *Marian*.

Redc. I m must nee needs goe backe, the La Lady
Fau Fau Fau.

Skin. God speed good fellow.

Red. Go go god sp sp speed you fir.

Skin. Why run'ft thou from me?

Red. Ma mary fir, I haue lo lost a La Ladyes name, and I am
running ba backe to se se seeke it.

500

Skin. What Lady? I prethee stay.

Red. Why the la Lady Fau Fau Fau.

Skin. Faukenbridge?

Red. I the f f fame, f f farewell, I th th thanke you ha hartily

Skin. If thou wouldst speake with her she is in Kent,
I serue her, what's thy busines with my Lady?

Red. I th sh should doe an errand to her f f from my Lord
Of Gloster, but a a and she be in k Kent, Ile f send it by you.

Skin. Where is my Lord?

Red. Mary p p prisoner in the Fl Fleete, a a and w would
haue her speake to P Prince R Richard for his re re re-
lease.

Skin. I haue much busines, hold ther's thy fare by water, my
Lady lyes this night.

Red. Wh wh where I pray?

Skin. At Grauefend at the Angell.

Red. Tis deuillish co co colde going by water.

Skin. Why there's my cloake and hat to keep thee warme,
Thy cap and Ierkin will serue me to ride in
By the way, thou hast winde and ty de, take Oares.

520

My

called Looke about you.

My Lady will reward thee royally.

Red. G God a mercy, f fa faith and euer th thou co co come to the Fl Fl Fleete, Ile giue the tu tu turning of the ke key f for n no nothing.

Skin. Hye thee, to morrow morning at Grauef-end Ile wash thy ftammering throate with a mug of ale merrily.

Red. God be w with you till f foo foone; what call you the Lady? O now I re remember the La Lady Fa Faukenbridge at what f figne?

Skin. At the Angell.

530

Red. A Angell, the la la Lady fa fa Fau kenbridge, Fa Fau Faukenbridge.

Skin. Farewell and bee hang'd good ftammering ninny, I thinke I haue fet your Redcaps heeles a running, wold your Pyanet chattering humour could as fa fafely fe fet mee fir from the fearchers walkes. Yonder comes fome one, hem: Skink to your trickes this tytty tytty, a the tongue I beleeeue will faile mee.

Enter Constable and Watch.

Con. Come make vp to this fellow, let th' other go, he seems 540 a gentleman, what are you fir?

Skin. Would I had kept my owne fute, if the countenance carry it away.

Con. Stand firra, what are you?

Skin. The po po Porters Sonne of the F Fl Fleete, going to Stepney about bufineffe to the La La Lady Fa Fa Faukenbridge.

Con. Well bring him thether, fome two or three of yee honest neyghbors, and fo backe to the Fleete, we'll shew our felues dilligent aboue other Officers.

550

Skin. Wh wh why le le let me run I am Re Redcap.

Con. Well, fure you shall now run no faster then I lead you, heare yee neighbor Simmes, I leaue my staffe with yee, bee vigilant I pray you, fearch the fufpitious houfes at the townes end, this Skink's a trouncer; come, will you be gone fir?

Skin. Yes fir, and the deuill goe with you and them, Well, yet haue hope mad ha hart, co co come your way.

Exeunt.

Enter

A pleafant Commodity

Confta. No Madam wee are commaunded by the King to watch, and meeting this fellow at Mile-end, he tels vs, he is the Porters fonne of the Fleete, that the Earle of Glofter fent him to you.

Skin. If f forfooth h he defire you to fpeake to the p Prince for him. 640

La. O I conceaue thee, bid him blithly fare,
Beare him this Ring in token of my care.

Skin. If I be rid of this euill Angell that haunts mee, many rings, much Fleete will Skinke come vnto.

Con. Madam, if you know this fellow we'll difcharge him.

Bloc. Madam, and you be wife, truft your honeft neighbors heere, let them bring this ca ca ca ca to the Fleete, and f fee your ring deliuered.

Skin. A plague vpon you for a damned roge,
The Porter of the Fleete will furely know me. 650

La. Good neighbours bring this honeft fellow thether,
Ther's for his paines a crowne, if he fay true,
And for your labour ther's as much for you.

Skin. Why Ma Ma Madam, I am Re Re Redcap the Porters fonne.

La. Thou haft no wrong in this, farewell good fellow.

Skin. Bef fpeaking to Prince Richard? no Ile try
And face out Redcap if the flaue were by.

La. Make them drinke Blocke.

Blo. Come to the Buttery bar, flitty flitty flammerer, come 660
honeft Conftable, hey the watch of our towne, we'll drinke trylill I faith.

*As they goe out, enters Sir Richard Faukenbridge stealing forward,
Prince and Lady talking.*

Rob. *Lupus in fabula* my Noble Lord,
See the olde foxe Sir Richard Faukenbridge.

Rich. We'll fit him well enough, fecond vs Robin.

La. Ile fit you well enough for all your hope, *Fau. beckens*

Fau. Leaue quaffing firra, liften to their talke. *to Blocke.*

Bloc. O while you liue beware, two are fooner feene then 670
one: besides, beare a braine Master, if Block should be now
fpide, my Madam would not truft this fconce neither in
time

called Looke about you.

time nor tyde.

Fau. Well leaue me, now it buds; see see, they kisse.

Bloc. Adew good olde finner, you may recouer it with a fallet of parfly, and the hearbe patience, if not fir you knowe the worst, it's but euen this.

Rich. Madam, what you desire I not deny,
But promise Glosters life and liberty,
I beg but loue.

680

Fau. When doth she giue her almes?

La. Faire honourable Prince.

Fau. Nay then they speed.

La. My foule hath your deserts in good esteeme.

Fau. Witnesse these goodly times that grace my head.

La. But were you the sole Monarch of the earth,
Your power were insufficient to inuade,
My neuer yeelding heart of chastity.

Fauk. Sayst thou so Mall, I promise thee for this,
He owe thy cherry lips an olde mans kisse;
Looke how my Cockerill droopes, tis no matter,
I like it best when women will not flatter.

690

Rich. Nay but sweet Lady.

Rob. Nay but gracious Lord, doe not so much forget your
Princely worth,

As to attempt vertue to vnchastity.

Fau. O noble youth!

Rob. Let not the Ladyes dead grieffe for her brother,
Giue life to shamelesse and detested sinne.

Fau. Sweet childe.

700

Ro. Consider that she is of high decent.

Fau. Most vertuous Earle.

Rob. Wife to the noblest Knight that euer breath'd.

Fau. Now blessing on thee blessed Huntington.

Rob. And would you then first staine your Princely stocke,
Wrong beauty, vertue, honor, chastitye,
And blemmish Faukenbridges vntaynted armes?

Fau. By adding hornes vnto our Falcones head,
Well thought on noble youth, twas well put in.

La. Besides my gracious Lord.

710

Fau. Tickle

A pleasant Commodity

Fa. Tickle him Mall, plague him on that side for his hot

La. how euer secretly great Princes sin, desire.

Fau. Oh now the spring she'll doe it secretly.

La. The King of all harts will haue all fyns knowne.

Fa. Ah then she yeilds not.

Ric. Lady heer's my hand, I did but try your honorable faith

Fau. He did but trie her, would she haue bin tride

It had grone hard on this and on this side.

Rich. And since I see your vertue so confirm'd,
as vice can haue no entraunce in your heart,

720

I vow in sight of heauen neuer againe,

To moue like question but for loue,

Fau. My hart is eased, holde Blocke take vp my cloake.

Blo. And your cap to fir.

Ric. Sir Richard ?

Fau. What sweet Prince welcome yfaith,

I see youth quickly get's the starte of age ;

But welcome welcome and young Huntington.

Sweet Robyn hude, honors best flowring bloome,

Welcome to Faukenbridge with all my hearte,

730

How cheares my loue, how fares my Marrian, ha ?

Be merry chucke, and Prince Richard welcome,

Let it goe Mall I knowe thy greuances.

Away away, tut let it passe sweet girle,

Wee needs must haue his helpe about the Earle.

La. Let it not be delayd deere Faukenbridge.

Rich. Sir Richard, first make sute vnto my father,
Ile follow you to Courte and second you,

Fau. Follow to Court, ha ? then I finell a rat,

Its probable he'll haue about agayne,

740

Long seige makes entraunce to the strongest fort,

It must not be I must not leaue him heere,

Prince Richard, if you loue my brothers good,

Lets ride back to the Courte, Ile wayte on you,

Rich. He's Ielious, but I must obserue the tyme,

We'll ride vnto the Court, Ile leaue my boy

Till we returne, are you agreed to this ?

Fau. Oh I

called Looke about you.

Fau. Oh I hee is an honourable youth.
Vertuuous and modest, Huntingtons right heyre.
His father Gilbert was the smoothst fac't Lord
That ere bare Armes in England or in Fraunce,

750

Rich. Solicitie Robin, Lady giue good eare,
And of your brothers freedome neuer feare,

Fau. Marrian farwell, wheres Blocke? open the gate,
Come Prince God send vs to proue fortunate? *Exeunt.*

La. why doe you stay fir?

Rob. Madam as a Lidger to solicite for your absent loue

La. Walk in the Garden I will follow you.
Ifaith Ifaith you are a noble wagge.

760

Rob. An honorable wag, and wagish Earle.
Euen what you will sweet Lady I must beare,
Hoping of patience, profit will ensue.
That you will beare the Prince as I beare you.

La. Well said well said, Ile haue these toyes amended,
Goe, will you walke into the Garden fir,

Rob. But will you promise me to bring no maides,
To set vppon my litle manship there?
You threatned whipping, and I am in feare,

La. Vppon my word Ile bring none but my selfe,

Rob. You see I am weapned, doe not I beseech you,
Ile stab them come there twenty ere they breech mee. *Exit.*

770

La. This youth and Richard, think me easily wonne,
But Marrian rather will embrace,
The bony carcasse of dismaying death,
Than proue vnchast to Noble Faukenbridge.
Richard's king Henries sonne, is light,
Wanton and loues not humble modestie,
Which makes me (much contrary to my thoughts)
Flatter his humor for my brothers safeteie,
But I protest Ile dwel among the dead,
Ere I pollute my sacred nuptiall bed.

780

Exit.

Enter Gloster in his gowne, calling

Sc. v

Glo. Porter what Porter wher's this drowfie asse?

Enter Porter,

Por. Who calles? my Lord of Gloster all alone?

Glo. Alone

A pleasant Commodity,

Glo. Alone and haue your wifdomes companie,
Pray wher's the stammering chatterer your sonne?
He's euer running but he makes small haste,
Ile bring his lyther legges in better frame,
And if he ferue me thus a nother time. *Knocke within.* 790
Harke fir your clients knocke, and't be your pye,
Let him vouchsafe to chatter vs some newes,
Tell him we daunce attendance in our chamber. *Exit porter.*
This Iohn and Henry are so full of hate,
That they will haue my head by some deuice,
Gloster hath plotted meanes for an escape,
And if it fadge, why so; if not, then well,
The way to heauen is death, this life's a hell.

Enter Porter and Skink.

Port. Why should the Watchmen come along with thee? 800

Skin. Ther's such a que question for yon f same r rogue
Skink p plague keepe farre enough from him, that a an honest
f fellow ca cannot w w walke the streetes.

Port. Well fir dispatch your busines with the Earle,
He's angry at your stay I tell ye that. *Exit.*

Skin. Sbloud what a frowne this Gloster castes at me,
I hope he meanes to lend me no more cusses,
Such as he paide me at the Parliament.

Glo. What mutter you, what tydings from my sifter?

Skin. Co commendations and f she hath f sent ye this r ring. 810

Glo. Hold ther's two Angels, shut the chamber doore,
You must about some busines for me strayght;
Come nearer man,

Skin. I feare I am to neare,

Glo. Hast thou no tydings for my liberty?

Skin. No b but ye sh shall he heare f from her p p presently.

Glo. And p presently fir off with your coate.

Nay quicke, vncafe, I am bold to borrow it,
Ile leaue my gowne, change is no robbery.
Stutterer it's so, neare flinch, ye cannot passe,
Cry, and by heauen Ile cut thy cowards throate,
Quickly cashyre your selfe, you see me staye,

Skin. N n nay, b b but wh wh what m meane ye?

Glo. To

called Looke about you.

Glo. To scape I hope, fir with your priuiledge,
How now, who's this, my fine familliar Skinke?
Queene Beldams minnion,

Skin. Zounds you see ti's I.

Glo. Tyme fortes not now to know these misteries.
How thou camst by this ring, or stol'st this coate,
They are mine now in possession, for which kindenes
If I escape Ile get thee Libertie,
Or fire the flete about the Wardens eares,
Mum budgit not a word as thou louest thy life,

830

Skin. I mum mum faire, pray God may chaunce it,
My Lord, but that my state is desperate,
Ide see your eyes out eare I would be cheated.

Glo. Walke like an Earle villaine some are comming.

Enter John and Porter.

Io. Where is this Gloster?

Glo. Y y yonder he walks. Fa fa father, l let me out.

840

Port. Why whether must you now?

Glo. To Ie Iericho I th thinke, tis such a h h humorous Earle.

Port. Well fir wilt please you hasten home againe.

Glo. I Ile be h heare in a trice; b but p praye haue ca care of
th this madcap, if he g giue vs the f f flip, f f some of vs a are
like to m make a fl fl flyppery occupation on't.

*This while John walkes and stalkes by Skinke, neuer a word
betwene them.*

Port. Looke to your busines fir let me alone.

Glo. Alone? neuer trust me if I trouble thee.

850

Io. Mad Gloster mute, all mirth turn'd to dispaire?

Why now you see what tis to crosse a King,
Deale against Princes of the Royall blood,
Youle snarle and rayle, but now your tounge is bedry'd,
Come caper hay, fet all at six and seauen,
What musest thou with thought of hell or heauen?

Skin. Of neither Iohn I muse at my disgrace,
That I am thus kept prisoner in this place.

Io. O fir, a number are here prisoners,
My Cousen Moorton whome I came to visite,
But he good man is at his morrow masse.

860

A pleasant Commodity,

But I that neither care to fay nor finge,
Come to feeke that preaching hate and prayer,
And while they mumble vp their Orifons,
We'll play a game at bowles, what faift thou Glofter?

Skin. I care not if I doe, (our fportes,

Job. You doe not care, Let olde men care for graues, we for
Off with your gowne, there lies my hatt and Cloake,
The bowles there quickly, hoe?

Skin. No my gowne flirres not, it keeps forrowe warme, 870
And she, and I am not to be deuorced,

Enter Porter with bowles.

Jo. Yes ther's an axe muft part your head and you,
And with your head, forrowe will leaue your heart.
But come fhall I begin? a pound a game,

Skin. More pounds and we thus heauy? well begin.

Job. Rub rub rub rub.

Skin. Amen God fend it fhort enough, and mee
A fafe running with them clothes from thee.

Job. Play Robin, run run run.

880

Skin. Far enough and well, flye one foote more,
Would I were halfe fo far without the doore.

Enter Porter.

Job. Now Porter whats the newes?

Por. Your Cooffen Moorton humbly craues,
Leauing your game, you would come vifit him,

Jo. Bowle Glofter Ile come prefently.

So neere mad Robin? then haue after you,

Skin. Would I were gone, make after as you may,

Jo. Well fir tis yours, one all, throw but the lacke
While I goe talke with Moorton: Ile not ftay,
Keepe Cloake and hat in pawne Ile hould out play,

890

Skin. I would be fory Iohn but you fhould ftay,
Vntill my bias run another way,
Now paffe, and hey paffe, Skink vnto your tricks,
Tis but a chaunce at hazard: there lyes Glofter,
and heare ftands Skinke, now Iohn play thou thy part,
And if I fcape Ile loue thee with my heart.
So porter let me foorth.

Enter Porter.

Por. God 900

called Looke about you.

Po. God bleſſe your grace, ye ſpoke with the L. Moorton.

Skin. I haue and muſt about his buſines to the Courte.

It greeues me to break my ſporte with Gloſter,

The melancholy Earle is comfortleſſe,

Po. I wold your grace would comfort him from hence,

The Fleet is weary of his company, *Redcap knocks.*

Skin. Drink that, ſome knockes, I prethee let me out.

His head ſhall off ere long, neuer make doubt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iohn at the other doore.

Jo. Now madcap thou winſt all, wher art thou Robyn? 910

Vncas'd: nay then he meanes to play in earneſt.

But whers my Cloake, my rapier, and my hatt?

I holde my birth-right to a beggers ſcrip,

The baſterd is eſcaped in my cloathes.

Tis well, he left me his to walke the ſtreets,

Ile fire the Citty but Ile finde him out,

Perchaunce he hides himſelfe to try my ſpleene,

Ile to his chamber, Gloſter? hallo Gloſter? *Exit.*

Enter Porter and Redcap.

Por. I wonder how thou camſt ſo ſtrangly chang'd? 920

Tis not an hower ſince thou wents from hence,

Red. By my Ch Ch Chriſtendome I ha haue not b b been h
heere this three nights, a p p plage of him, that made me ſuch
a ch chaunting, and ſ ſent me ſuch a Ia Ia Iaunt, blud I was ſt
ſtayd for Skinke, that ill fa fa ſac'd rogue,

Port. I pray God there be no practiſe in this change.

Now I remember theſe are Skinkes cloathes,

That he wore laſt day, at the Parlament,

Knocke, Enter at another doore, Iohn in Gloſters gowne.

Jo. Porter? you Porter?

930

Por. Doe you not heare them knock, you muſt ſtay fir,

Jo. Bloud I could eate theſe rogues.

Red. Wh wh what raw, tis a very harſh mo morſell,
Ne next your he heart

Jo. A plague vpon your Iaunts, what porter ſlaue?

Red. I haue been at g graueſend fir.

Job. What's that to me?

Red. And at Ca Ca Canterbury.

A pleasant Commodity,

Io. And at the gallows: zounds this frets my soule.

Red. But I c could not f finde your f f fister the La Lady Fau 940
Faukenbridge.

Jo. You itammering flaue hence, chat among your Dawes,
Come ye to mad me? while the rogue your father.

Enter Porter.

Red. My f fa father.

Io. Porter? you damned flaue.

Port. Ist Midsomer doe you begin to raue?

Iob. Harke how the traytor flouts me to my teeth.

I would intreat your knaueship let me forth,
For feare I dash your branes out with the keyes,
What is become of Gloster and my garments?

950

Por. Alas in your apparrell Glosters gone,
I let him out, euen now I am vndone,

Job. It was your practife, and to keepe me backe
You sent Iacke Daw your sonne with ca ca ca,
To tell a sleueles tale: lay hould on him,
To Newgate with him and you tut atut,
Run redcap and trudge about,

Or bid your fathers portership farwell. *Exeunt with Porter.*

Red. He heares a go good Ie Ie Iest by the L Lord to mo 960
mocke an ape with all: my fa fa father has brought his ho ho
hoges to a fa fa faire m m market. Po po porter quoth you?
p po porter that will for me, and I po po porter it, let them
po po post me to heauen in this qua quarter. But I must
f f feeke this Gl Gl Gloster and Sk Sk Skinke that co cony
catching ra ra rascall, a pa pa plague co co confound him, Re
re redcap must ru run he cannot tell whe whether. *Exit*

Sound Trumpets, Enter Henry the younger, on one hand of him Sc. vi
Queene Elinor, on the other Leycester.

Hen. Mother and Leycester adde not oyle to fire.
Wrath's kindled with a word, and cannot heare
The number lesse perfwasions you infort,

970

Quee. O but my sonne thy father fauours him.
Richard that vile abortiue changling brat,
And Faukenbridge, are fallen at Henries feete.

They

called Looke about you.

They wooe for him, but intreat my sonne
Gloster may dye for this that he hath done,

Leic. If Gloster liue thou wilt be ouerthrowne,

Quee. If Gloster liue thy mother dies in moane,

Ley. If Gloster liue Leyster will flie the realme,

980

Quee. If Gloster liue thy kingdome's but a dreame,

Hen. Haue I not sworne by that eternall arme

That puts iust vengeance sword in Monarcks hands,

Gloster shall die for his presumption ?

What needs more coniuration gracious Mother ?

And honorable Leyster marke my words.

I haue a Bedrole of some threescore Lords,

Of Glosters faction,

Quee. Nay of Henries faction.

Of thy false fathers faction, speake the truth,

990

He is the head of factions ; were he downe :

Peace, plenty, glory will impale thy crowne.

Ley. I ther's the But ; whose hart-white if we hit,

The game is our's. Well we may rage and roue,

At Gloster, Lancaster, Chester, Faukenbridge,

But he is the vpshot.

Quee. Yet begin with Gloster.

Hen. The destenies run to the booke of Fates,

And read in neuer-changing Characters

Robert of Glosters end, he dies to day,

1000

So fate, so heauen, so doth King Henry say.

Quee. Emperially refoul'd.

Trumpets far off,

Leic. The olde King comes,

Quee. Then comes Luxurious lust,

The King of Concubines, the King that scornes

The vndefiled, chaste and numptiall bed,

The King that hath his Queene Imprisoned.

For my sake scorne him, sonne call him not father,

Giue him the stile of a competitor,

Hen. Pride seaze vppon my heart, wrath fill myne eyes,

1010

Sit lawfull maiestie vppon my front

Dutie flie from me, pittie bee exild,

Sences forget that I am Henries child,

A pleafant Commodity

Quee I kiffe thee, and I bleffe thee, for this thought.

Enter King, Lancafter, Richard, Faukenbridge.

Kin. O Lancafter bid Henry yeeld fome reafon
Why he defires fo much the death of Glofter,

Hen. I heare thee Henry, and I thus reply.

I doe defire the death of Bafterd Glofter,
For that he fpende the Treafure of the Crowne.

1020

I doe defire the death of bafterd Glofter,
For that he doth defire to pull me downe.
Or were this falfe (I purpofe to be plaine)
He loues thee, and for that I him difdaine.

Hen. Therin thou fheweft a hate-corrupted mynde,
To him the more vniuft, to me vnkynd,

Quee He loues you as his father lou'd his mother.

Kin. Fie, fie vpon thee hatefull Elinor.

I thought thou hadft been long fince fcarlet dyde,

Hen. She is and therefore cannot change her colour.

1030

Rich. You are to ftrickt, Earle Glofters fault
Merrits not death,

Fau. By th'rood the Prince faies true.

Heere is a ftatute from the Confeffor,

Hen. The Confeffor was but a fimple foole.

Away with bookes my word fhall be a lawe,
England her breath fhall from this bofome drawe,
Glofter fhall die,

Ley. Let Glofter dye the death. (him and thee.

Lan. Leyfter he fhall not, he fhall haue lawe, difpight of 1040

Hen. What law, will you be Traitors? whats the lawe?

Ric. His right handes loffe, and that is fuch a loffe,
As England may lament, all Chriftians weepe.
That hand hath bin aduanft againft the Moores,
Druiuen out the Sarafins from Gads and Cicile,
Fought fifteene Battels vnder Chrifts red croffe,
And is it not (thinke you) a greeuious loffe,
That for a flauie (and for no other harme)
It fhould be fundred from his Princely Arme?

Fau. More for example Noble Lancafter, but tis great pittie, 1050
To to great a pittie.

Hen. Ile

called Looke about you.

He. Ile haue his hand & head. *Ri.* Thou shalt haue mine thē.

Que. Wel sayd stubberne Dicke, Iack wold not serue me so,
Were the boy heere :

Ric. Both Iohn and I haue seru'd your will too long;
Mother repent your cruelty and wrong:
Gloster you know is ful of mirth and glee,
And neuer else did your grace iniury.

Qu. Gloster shal dye. *He.* Fetch him heere Ile see him dead.

Ric. He that sturs for him shall lay downe his head. 1060

Fau. O quiet good my Lords, patience I pray,
I thinke he comes vnfent for by my fay.

Enter Iohn in Glosters gowne.

Ric. What meanst thou Gloster? *He.* Who brought Gloster

Io. Let Gloster hang and them that (hyther?
There lyes his case, a mischiefe on his carkasse.

Qu. My deare sonne Iacke? (your asse, your gull.

Jo. Your deere son Iack an apes, your mökey, your babone,

Ley. What ayles Earle Iohn? *Jo.* Hence further frō my fight,
My fiery thoughts and wrath haue worke in hand; 1070
Ile curse ye blacker then the Leuarnian Lake,

If you stand wondring at my sorrow thus;

I am with childe, big, hugely swolne with rage;

Who'll play the Midwife, and my throbs aswage?

Kin. I will my Sonne. *Hen.* I will high harted brother.

Io. You will, and you, tut, tut all you are nothing,
Twill out, twill out, my selfe my selfe can ease:

You chafe, you swell, ye are commaunding King,

My father is your foote stoole when he please,

Your word's a law, these Lordes dare neuer speake, 1080
Gloster must dye, your enemies must fall.

Hen. What meanes our brother?

Io. He meanes that thou art mad she franticke, Leyster
I the babe, these grinde vs, bite vs, vexe vs, charge, (foolish
And discharge, Gloster, O Gloster!

Que. Where is Gloster sonne? *Hen.* Where is Glo. brother?

Kin. I hope he be escaped.

Io. O I could teare my hayre, & falling thus vp the
Solide earth, dig into Glosters graue, so he were dead
And gone into the depth of vnder worlds.

Or 1090

A pleasant Commodity

Or get feditious hundreth thousand hands,
 And like Briareus, battle with the Starres,
 To pull him downe from heauen if he were there,
Fau. Looke to Earle Iohn the Gentleman is mad.

Io. O who would not be mad at this disgrace?
 Gloster the fox is fled, there lies his case,
 He coufined me of myne, the porter helpt him,
Hen. The porter shall be hangd let's part and seeke him,
 Gloster shall dye all Europe shall not saue him.

Jo. He is wise, too wise for vs, yet Ile goe with you, 1100
 To get more fooles into my company.

Quee. This is your fathers plot, reuenge it sonne.

Hen. Father by heauen if this were your aduice,
 Your head or heart shall pay the bitter price,
 Come mother, Brother, Leyster, lets away,

Jo. I, Ile be one, in hope to meete the basterd,
 And then no more my selfe will be his headfman. *Exeunt.*

Kin. Richard and Faukenbridge follow the searck,
 You may preuent mischaunce by meeting Gloster,
 If ye finde Skinke see that you apprehend him, 1110
 I heare there is a wizzard at blacke heath,
 Let some enquire of him where Skinke remaynes,
 Although I trust not to those fallacies,
 Yet now and then such men prooue Soothsayers.
 Will you be gone?

Fau. Withall my heart, withall my heart my Lord,
 Come Princly Richard, we are ever yoak'd.
 Pray God there be no mistery in this,

Rich. Be not suspitious where there is no cause,

Fau. Nay nothing, nothing, I am but in iest. *Exeunt.* 1120

Kin. Call in a Pnrseuant.

Lan. Heares one my Leidge,

Kin. There is a Porter likely to be hangd,
 For letting Gloster scape, firra attend,
 You shall haue a repreiue to bring him vs,
 These boys are to to stubborne Lancaster,
 But tis theyr mothers fault, if thus she moue me,
 Ile haue her head though all the world reprove me. *Exeuntt.*
Enter

called Looke about you.

Enter Robin Hood and Lady Faukenbridge.

Sc. vii

La. Doe not deny me gentle Huntington.

Rob. My Lord will misse me.

1131

La. Tut let me excuse thee.

Rob. Turne woman, O it is intollerable!

Except you promise me to play the Page:

Doe that, try one night, and you'll laugh for euer,

To heare the Orizons that Louers vse;

Their ceremonious fighes, their idle oathes,

To heare how you are prais'd and pray'd vnto,

For you are Richards Saint, they talke of Mary

The blessed Virgin, but vpon his beades

1140

He onely prayes to Marian Faukenbridge.

La. The more his error, but will you agree

To be the Lady Faukenbridge one day?

Rob. When ist?

La. On Munday.

Rob. Wherefore ist?

La. Nay then you doe me wrong with inquisition.

And yet I care not greatly if I tell thee.

Thou seest my husband full of ieaousie;

Prince Richard in his fute importunate,

1150

My brother Gloster threatned by young Henry;

To cleare these doubtles, I will in some disguise,

Goe to blacke Heath vnto the holy Hermit,

Whose wisedome in fore-telling things to come,

Will let me see the issue of my cares.

If destinyes ordaine me happines,

Ile chase these mistes of sorrow from my heart,

With the bright Sunne of mirth: if fate agree,

It, and my friends, must suffer misery,

Yet Ile be merry too, till mischeefe come.

1160

onely I long to knowe the worst of ill.

Rob. Ile once put on a scarlet countenance.

La. Be wary least ye be discouered Robyn.

Rob. Best paint me then, be sure I shall not blush.

Enter Block bleeding, Gloster with him.

Blo. Beate an Officer, Redcap Ile haue ye talkt withall,

E

Beate

A pleafant Commodity

Beate Sir Richards Porter? help Madam, help,

Glo. Peace you damned rogue.

La. Brother I pray you forbear.

Glo. Zwonds a hundreth at my heales almoſt,
And yet the villaine ſtands on compliment.

1170

Bloc. A bots one you, iſt you?

Glo. Will you to the doore you foole? and bar the gate,
Holde ther's an angell for your broaken pate;
If any knocke let them not in in haſte.

Bloc. Well Ile doe as I ſee cauſe, blood thou art deare to
me, but heere's a ſoueraigne plaifter for the fore: golde hea-
leth wounds, golde eaſeth heartes: what can a man haue
more?

Exit.

La. Deare brother, tell vs how you made eſcape?

1180

Glo. You ſee I am heare, but if you would knowe how:
I cannot ſcape and tell the manner too,
By this I knowe your howſe is compaſſed
With hel-hound ſearch.

La. Brother Ile furniſh you with beard & hayre, and
Garments like my husband, how like you that? *Exit. Lady*

Glo. Well, when I haue them: quickly then diſpatch: sblood
turne gray beard and hayre?

Robyn conceale, this dyeteth my minde,
Myrth is the obiect of my humorous ſpleane,
Thou high commaunding furie! further deuice,
Ieſts are conceated, I long to ſee their birth,
What come ye ſiſter? Robyn a theeues hand,
But prethee where hadſt thou this beard and haire?

1190

La. Prince Richard wore them hether in a maſke,

Glo. Saiſt thou me ſo, faith loue the Princely youth,
Tut you muſt taſt ſtolne pleaſure now and than,

Rob. But if ſhe ſteale and Ielious eyes eſpie:
She will be ſure condemnd of Burglary,

Glo. Ha crake? can your low ſtumps venter ſo deep
Into affections ſtreame? go to you wanton.

1200

What want we now? my nightcap, O tis heare,
So now no Gloſter, but olde Faukenbridge,

called Looke about you.

Harke, the search knockes, ile let them in my selfe;
Welcome good fellowe; ha, what ist you lacke?

Enter Redcap with another.

Red. Ma master Co constable, se se search you th that way,
a and you ho honest man th that way. Ile ru run th this way
m my owne se selfe. *They dispearse themselves.*

Glo. What search you for? what is it you would haue?

1210

Enter Blocke.

Blo. Madam, what shall I doe to these browne-bill fel-
lowes? some runne into the wine seller, some heere, some
there.

Glo. Let them alone, let them search their filles.

Block. Ile looke to their fingers for all that.

Glo. Doe so good Blocke, be carefull honest Blocke.

B. Sir stammerer & your wa watch, y'are pa past ifaith. *Exit*

Gl. Will you not speake knaues, tel me who you seeke?

Red. Ma mary fir we f seeke a va va vacabond, a fu fugatiue. 1220
my La Ladies owne b brother; but and hee were the po po
Popes owne b brother, I would f search f f for him; for I haue
a p poore father r ready to be ha ha hang'd f f for him.

Glo. O tis for Gloster! mary search a gods name,
Seeke peace, will he breake prifon too?
It's pittie he should liue, nay I defye him.
Come looke about, search euery little corner,
My selfe will lead the way, pray you come,
Seeke, seeke, and spare not, though it be labour lost:
He comes not vnder my rooffe, heare ye wife,
He comes not hyther, take it for a warning.

1230

Red. You sp sp speake like an honest ge ge Gentleman, re re
rest you me me mery, co co come my f f friends, I be beleue
h h he r ran by the g g garden w wall toward the wa water
side.

Exeunt running.

Glo. This fellow is of the humour I would chuse my wife,
Few words and many paces, a word and a way, and so
Must I: Sister adieu, pray you for me, Ile do the like for you.
Robin farewell, commend me to the Prince.

La. Can ye not stay heere safe?

1240

E 2

Glo. No,

A pleasant Commodity

Glo. No, Ile not trust the changing humours of olde Fauken-
Adieu yong Earle, Sifter lets kisse and part; (bridge,
Tush, neere mourne, I haue a merry hart. *Exit.*

La. Farewell all comfort.

Ro. What weeping Lady?

Then I perceiue you haue forgot Blacke-heath.

La. No, there Ile learne both of his life and death.

Ro. Till Munday Madam I must take my leaue.

La. You will not misse then:

Rob. Nay, if Robin faile yee, let him haue neuer fauour of
faire Lady. 1250

La. Meane while Ile spend my time in prayers & teares,
That Gloster may escape these threatned feares. *Exit.*

Enter Skinke like Prince John.

Sc. viii

Skin. Thus iets my noble Skinke along the streetes,

To whom each bonnet vailes, and all knees bend;

And yet my noble humour is too light,

By the fixe shillings: heere are two crackt groates

To helter skelter, at some vawting house.

But who comes yonder? ha, olde Faukenbridge?

1260

Hath a braue chaine, were Iohn and he good friends,

That chaine were mine, and should vnto Black-heath.

Ile venture, it's but tryal, lucke may fall.

Good morrow good fir Richard Faukenbridge.

Fau. Good morrow my sweet Prince, hartly good morrow,

This greeting wel becomes vs, marry does it;

Betteriwis then strife and langling.

Now can I loue ye, wil ye to the Shiriffes?

Your brother Richard hath beene there this houre.

Skin. Yes I am plodding forward as you doe;

1270

What cost your chaine? it's passing strongly wrought,

I would my Golde-smith had a patterne of it.

Fau. Tis at your graces seruice, shew it him.

Skin. Then dare ye trust me?

Fau. Who the Princely Iohn?

My Soueraignes sonne, why what a question's that?

Ile leaue you, yee may know I dare trust you.

Skin. Ile

called Looke about you.

Ski Ile bring't ye to the Shiriffes, excuse my absence.

Fau. I wil my noble Lord, adieu sweet Prince. *Exit.*

Skin. Why so, this breakfast was wel fed vpon,
When Skinkes deuises on Blacke-heath doo faile,
This and such cheates, would set me vnder faile.
Ile to the water side, would it were later,
For stil I am afraide to meete Prince Iohn.

1280

Enter Gloster like Faukenbridge.

But what a mischiefe meant Faukenbridge
To come againe so soone? that way he went,
And now comes peaking; vpon my life
The buzzard hath me in suspition,
But whatsoeuer chaunce, Ile filch a share.

1290

Glo. Yonder's Prince Iohn I hope he cannot know me,
Ther's naught but Gloster Gloster in their mouthes;
I am halfe strangled with the Garlicke breath,
Of rascals that exclames as I passe by,
Gloster is fled, once taken he must dye.
But Ile to Iohn, how does my gracious Lord?
What tattles rumour now? what newes of Gloster?

Skin. What newes could I heare since you left me last?
Were you not heere euen now? lent me your chaine,
I thinke you dote. (pretty accident, 1300

Glo. Sweet Prince, age, age forgets, my brothers chaine? a
Ile haue't and be but in the spight of Iohn.

Skin. Ther's more, and more, Ile geld it eare it go. *He breaks*
This same shal keep me in some Tauerne merry, *the chaine.*
Til nights blacke hand curtaine this to cleare sky.

Fau. My sweet Prince, I haue some cause to vse my chaine,
Another time (when ere your Lordship please)
Tis at your seruice, ô mary God it is.

Skin. Heere palsie, take your chaine, stoop and be hang'd,
Yet the fish nibled, when she might not swallow;
Gout I haue curtall'd what I could not borrow. *Exit.*

1310

Glo. He's gone away in frets, would he might meete
My brother Faukenbridge in this mad moode,
There would be rare adoe; Why this fits me,
My braine flowes with fresh wit and pollicy.

V pleasant Commodity

But Gloster looke about, who haue we yonder?
 Another Iohn Prince, Richard and the Shiriffe?
 Vpon my life, the slaue that had the chaine,
 Was Skinke, escaped the Fleete by some mad sleight,
 Wel, farewell he, better and better still,
 These seeke for me, yet I wil haue my will.

1320

Jo. Shiriffe, in any case be diligent.
 Whose yonder, Faukenbridge?

Glo. How now sweet chucked, how fares my louely Prince?

Jo. What carest thou? or wel, or ill, we craue no help of thee.

Glo. Gods mother doe you scorne me?

Jo. Gout, what then?

Rich. Fye, leaue these idle braules, I prethee Iohn
 Lets follow that we are inioyn'd vnto.

Glo. I mary Prince, if now you slip the time,
 Gloster wil slip away; tut though he hate me
 I haue done seruice, I haue found him out.

1330

Ric. A shame confound thee for thy treachery,
 Inconstant dotard, tymorous olde asse,
 That shakes with cowardise not with yeares.

Glo. Goe, I haue found him, I haue winded him.

Jo. O let me hug thee gentle Faukenbridge,
 Forgiue my oft ill vsing of thine age,
 Ile call thee Father, ile be penitent,
 Bring me where Gloster is Ile be thy slaue,
 All that is mine, thou in reward shalt haue.

1340

Glo. Soft, not too hasty, I would not be seene in't,
 Mary a god my wife would chide me dead,
 If Gloster by my meanes should loose his head.
 Princely Richard at this corner make your stand:
 And for I know you loue my sifter well,
 Know I am Gloster and not Faukenbridge.

Ric. Heauen prosper thee sweet Prince in thy escape.

Glo. Shiriffe, make this your quarter, make good guard,
 Iohn, stay you heere, this way he meanes to turne,
 By Thomas I lacke a swoord, body a me.

1350

Jo. What wouldst thou with a swoord olde Faukenbridge?

Glo. O sir to make shew in his defence,

For

called Looke about you.

For I haue left him yonder at a house
A friends of mine, an honest Cittizen.

Io. Wee'll fetch him thence.

Glo. Nay then you iniure me, stay till he come; he's in a ruf-
And must attend me like a Seruingman. (set cloake)

Io. Holde ther's my swoord, and with my swoord my heart,
Bring him for Godsfake, and for thy desert, 1360
My brother King and mother Queene shall loue thee.

Glo. Marke me good Prince, yonder away we come,
I goe afore and Gloster followes me;
Let not the Shiriffe nor Richard meddle with vs,
Begin you first, seaze Gloster and arrest him;
Ile draw and lay about me heere and heere,
Be heedfull that your watchmen hurt me not,

Io. Ile hang him that doth hurt thee, prethee away,
I loue thee, but thou kilst me with delay.

Glo. Wel keep close watch, ile bring him presently. 1370

Io. Away then quickly.

Gl. Gloster, close master Shiriffe, Prince Richard,

Ri. Gloste radieu. *Glo.* I trust you.

Rich. By my Knight-hood Ile prooue true. *Exit Gloster.*

Job. Reuenge, Ile build a Temple to your name;
And the first offering shal be Glosters head,
Thy Alters shal be sprinkled with the blood,
Whose wanton current his mad humour fed;
He was a rymer and a Ridler,
A scoffer at my mother, prayf'd my father,
Ile fit him now for al, escape and all. 1380

Ric. Take heede spight burst not in his proper gall.

Enter Faukenbridge and Blocke.

Jo. How now, what way tooke Faukenbridge I wonder?
That is not Gloster sure that attends on him.

Fau. He came not at the Shiriffes by the morrow masse,
I sought the Goldsmithes rowe and found him not;
Sirra, y'are sure he sent not home my chaine?

Blo. Who should fend your chaine sir?

Fau. The Prince, Prince Iohn I lent it him to day. 1390

Io. What's this they talke?

Bloc. By

A pleasant Commodity

Blo. By my truth Sir, and ye lent it him, I thinke you may goe look it : for one of the Drawers of the Salutation tolde me euen now, that he had tooke vp a chamber there till euening, and then he will away to Kent.

Fau. Body of me, he meanes to spend my chaine,
Come Blocke Ile to him.

Job. Heare you Faukenbridge ?

Fau. Why what a knaue art thou ? younders Prince Iohn.

Bl. Then the Drawer's a knaue, he told me Prince Iohn was 1400
at the Salutation.

Jo. Wheres Gloster Faukenbridge ?

Fau. Sweet Prince I knowe not.

Job. Come, iest not with me, tell me where he is ?

Fau. I neuer saw him since the Parlament.

Io. Impudent lyar, didst thou not euen now
Say thou woldst fetch him ? hadst thou not my sword ?

Fau. Wert thou a King, I will not beare the lye,
Thy sword ? no boy, thou seest this sword is myne.

Blo. My Master a lyer ? Zounds wert thou a potentate, 1410

Fau. I scorne to weare thy armes vntutred childe,
I fetch thee Gloster ? shamelesse did I see thee
Since as I went this morning to the Siriffes,
Thou borrowedst my gold chaine ?

Io. Thy chaine ?

Fau. I hope thou wilt not cheate me princkocks Iohn.

Io. Ile cheat thee of thy life if thou charge me
With any chaine.

Fau. Come, let him come I pray, Ile whip yee boy, Ile teach
you to out face. 1420

Blo. Come, come, come, but one at once, ye dasterds come

Rich. Keepe the Kings peace, I see you are both deceau'd,
He that was last heare, was not Faukenbridge.

Fau. They slaunder me, who sayes that I was heare ?

Ric. Wee doe beleeeue ye fir ; nor doe you thinke
My brother Iohn deceiu'd you of a chayne.

Fau. He did, I did deliuer it with this hand.

Job. Ile dye vpon the slanderer,

Fau. Let the boy come.

called Looke about you.

Blo. I, let him come, let him come.

1430

Ric. Fellow, thou spakst euen now, as if Prince Iohn
Had byn at some olde Tauerne in the towne.

Blo. I fir, I came vp now, but from the Salutation,
And a drawer that doth not vse to lye, tolde me
Prince Iohn hath byn there all this after noone.

Ioh. The Deuill in my likenesse then is there.

Fau. The Deuill in thy likenesse or thy selfe,
Had my gold chaine.

Ioh. Thou art the Deuill, for thou
Hadst my good sword, all these can witnesse it.

1440

Fau. Gods Mother thou bely'ft mee

Jo. Giue me the lye?

Rich. Nay calme this fury, lets downe to the Tauerne,
Or one, or both, these counterfeites are there.

Fau. I know him well enough that had my chaine,
And there be two Iohns, if I finde one there,
BerLady, I will lay him fast.

Rich. It is this Skinke that mockes vs I beleeeue.

Job. Alas poore Skink it is the Deuill Gloster;
Who if I be so happy once to finde,
Ile giue contentment, to his troubled minde.

1450

Rich. I hope he's far enough, and free enough:
Yet these confeytes I know delight his soule.

Fau. Followe me Blocke, follow me honest Blocke.

Blo. Much follow you, I haue another peece of worke in
hand; I heare say Redcaps father shall bee hanged this after
noone, Ile see him slip a string though I giue my seruice the
slip; beside my Lady bad me heare his examination at his
death: Ile get a good place, and pen it word for word, and as
I like it, set out a moornefull Dittie to the tune of Laban- 1460
dalashot, or rowe wel ye Marriners, or somewhat as my muse
shall me inuoke.

Exit.

Enter Gloster like Faukenbridge with a Pursenant, Gloster Sc. ix
hauiing a paper in his hand, the Pursenant bare.

Glo. A charytable deed, God blesse the King,
He shall be then repreeued.

Pur. I fir, some day or two, till the young King and Prince
F Iohn

A pleasant Commodity,

Iohn chaunge it, especially if the good Earle bee not found
which God forbid.

Glo. What house is this that wee are stept into to read this 1470
warrant in?

Pur. A Tauerne fir, the Salutation.

Glo. A Tauerne? then I will turne prodigall,
Call for a pint of Sacke good fellow.

Pur. Drawer?

Dra. Anan fir.

Glo. A pint of thy best Sacke my pretty youth.

Dra. God blesse your worship fir, ye shal haue the best in
London fir.

Gl. What knowst thou me? knowst thou old Faukenbridge? 1480
I am no Tauerne hunter I can tell thee.

Draw. But my Master hath taken many a faire pound of
your man Blocke; he was heere to day fir, and fild two bot-
tles of nippitate sacke.

Glo. Well, fill vs of your nippitate fir,
This is well chauncst, but heere ye boy?
Bring Suger in white paper, not in browne;
For in white paper I haue heere a tricke,
Shall make the Pursuant first swound, then sicke.
Thou honest fellow what's thy name?

1490

Pur. My name is Winterborne fir.

Glo. What countryman I prethee?

Pur. Barkeeshire and please ye.

Gl. How long hast thou bin sworne a messenger?

Pur. But yesterday and please your worship,
This is the First employement I haue had.

Enter Drawer with wine and Suger.

Glo. A good beginning, heere haue too thee fellow;
Thou art my fellow now thou seruest the King,
Nay take Suger too, Gods Lady deere,
I put it in my pocket, but it's heere:
Drinke a good draught I prethee Winterborne.

1500

He drinkes and falles ouer the stoole.

Dra. O Lord Sir Richard, the man, the man.

Glo. What a forgetfull beast am I? peace boy,

It is

called Looke about you.

It is his fashon euer when he drinkes.

Fellow he hath the falling sickenes,

Run fetch two cushions to rayse vp his head,

And bring a little Key to ope his teeth.

Exit Drawer.

Purseuant, your warrant and your boxe,

1510

These must with me, the shape of Faukenbridge

Will holde no longer water heere about.

Gloster wil be a proteus euery houre,

That Elinor and Leyster, Henry, Iohn,

And all that rabble of hate louing cures,

May minister me more mirth to play vpon.

Enter Drawer.

Dra. Heer's a key fir, and one of our folke to help.

Glo. No matter for a key, help him but in,

And lay him by the fire a little while,

1520

He'll wake immediatly, but be hart sicke,

Ther's money for a candle and thy wine,

Ile goe but vp vnto your Aldermans,

And come downe presently to comfort him:

Exeunt

Within Ski. Drawer? what Drawer? with a vengeance *Dra. Sc. x*

Within Dra. Speake in the Crowne there.

Enter Skinke like Prince John.

Skin. They be come, the deuill crowne yee one by one,

Skinke tho'art betraide, that master Faukenbridge

Missing some of his chaine, hath got thee dog'd.

1530

Drawer? what Drawer?

Dra. Anan, anan fir.

Ski. Was not fir Richard Faukenbridge below?

Dra. Yes and please yee.

Skin. It does not please me wel, knowes he that I am heer?

Dra. No I protest.

Ski. Come hether firra, I haue little money,

But ther's some few linkes of a chayne of golde:

Vpon your honesty knowes not fir Richard,

That I am heere?

1540

Dra. No by my holydam.

Skin. Who's that was with him?

Dra. Why a Purseuant.

A pleasant Commodity

Skin. Where is fir Richard?

Dra. At the Aldermans.

Skin. A Purseuant and at the Aldermans.

What Pyg, or Goose, or Capon haue you kill'd,
Withing your Kitchin new?

Dra. A pyg new stickt.

Skin. Fetch me a sawcer of the bloud, quicke run; *Exit.* 1550
Ile fit the Purseuant, and Alderman,
And Faukenbridge, if Skinke haue any wit.
Well Gloster, I did neuer loue thee yet,
But th'art the maddest Lord that ere I met,
If I scape this, and meete thee once againe,
Curse Skinke, if he dye penny in thy det.

Enter Drawer.

Dra. O my Lord the house is full of holberts, and a great
many Gentlemen aske for the roome where Prince Iohn is?

Skin. Lend me thy Aprone, runne and fetch a pot from the 1560
next roome.

Betray'd, fswounds betray'd, by gout, by palfie, by dropfie;
O braue boy, excellent bloud: vp, take my cloake
And my hat to thy share, when I come from Kent, ile pay
Thee like a King.

Dra. I thanke you my Lord.

Exit.

Enter John, Richard, Faukenbridge, Shirriffes and Officers.

Ski. Now fortune help or neuer: they come, and yee were a
Prince as yee say ye are, yee would bee ashamed to abuse a
poore seruant thus, but and if you were not of the bloud 1570
Royall, Ide breake the necke of yee downe the stayres, so
would I, Ide teach you to hurt prentifes.

Ri. Who hurt thee fellow?

Skin. Prince deuill or his dam, Prince Iohn they call him.

Joh. Gloster I hope.

Ri. I doubt not but it's Skinke.

Io. Where is he?

Skin. Vp them stayres, take heede of him.
He's in the Crowne.

Fau. Alas poore fellow, he hath crown'd thee shrewdly. 1580

Jo. In recompence, if it be him I seeke,

Ile

called Looke about you.

Ile giue thee his whole head to tread vpon.
Follow me brother, come olde Faukenbridge,
Keep the stayres Shiriffes, you see it waxeth darke,
Take heede he slip not by you.

Exeunt

Ski. Hange your selues, this darkenes shal conuay me out,
Ile swim the Thames, but Ile attaine Black-heath, (of doors
London farewell, curse Iohn, raue Faukenbridge,
Skinke scapes you all by twy lights priuyledge.

Within. Where is he? lights, bring lights, drag out that boy. 1590

Enter all with the boy.

Io. This is my cloke, my hat, my rapier,
And eyther it was Skinke or Gloster.

Dra. I know not who twas fir, he said he was Prince Iohn,
he tooke away my aprone and a pottle pot with him, and al
to bloudied his head and face.

Fau. We met him, by S. Anthony, we met him.

Io. The fire of S. Anthony confound
This changing counterfeit whatsoeuer he be.

Rich. It makes me laugh at enuious greedines,
Who feedes vpon her owne harts bitternes.

1600

Job. Sirra you that were borne to cry anan,
What other copefmates haue you in the house?

Draw. Sir, my Maisters gesse be none of my copefmates,

Jo. Well your gesse, can ye gesse who they be?

Draw. Marry heere's a pursueant, that this Gentleman fir
Richard Faukenbridge left sick euen now.

Fau. Marry of God dyd I, thou lyiug knaue?

Dra. I am a poore boy fir, your worship may say your plea-
snre, our maides haue had a foule hand with him, you said he
would be sicke: so he is with a witnesse. 1610

Job. Looke about Faukenbridge, heere's worke for you,
You haue some euill Angell in your shape,
Goe sirra, bring vs foorth that Pursuant?

Enter two leading the Pursuant sicke.

Rich. Gloster, thou wilt be too too venterous,
Thou doost delight in those odde humours so,
That much I feare they'll be thy ouerthrowe.

aside.

Pur. O O O not too fast; O I am sicke, O very sicke.

A pleafant Commodity

Jo. What picture of the peftilence is this?

1620

Purf. A poore man fir, a poore man fir: downe I pray yee, I pray let me fit downe. A fir Richard, fir Richard, a good fir Richard: what haue I deferu'd to be thus dealt with all at your worships hands? a ha, ah, ah.

Fau. At my hands knaue? at my hands paltry knaue?

Dra. And I fhould be brought to my booke oath fir:

Within. What Ieffrey?

Dra. Anan, anan.

Job. A plague vpon your Ieffring, is your name Ieffrey?

Dra. I and't please you fir.

1630

Rich. Why gentle Ieffrey then ftay you awhile,
What can you fay, if you come to your booke?

Dra. If I bee pof'd vpon a booke fir, though I bee a poore prentife, I muft fpeake the truth, & nothing but the truth fir.

Jo. And what's your truth fir?

Pur. O, O my heart.

Dra. Mary fir this Knight, this man of worfhip.

Fau. Well, what of me? what did my worfhip doe?

Dra. Mary ye came into the Bel, our roome next the Barre,
with this honeft man as I take it.

1640

Fau. As thou tak'ft it?

Pur. O fir tis too true, too true, too true O Lord.

Dra. And there he call'd for a pint of Sacke, as good Sacke
(Hee bee pof'd vpon all the bookes that euer opened and
fhut) as any is in all Chriftendome.

Fau. Body of me, I come and call for Sacke?

Pur. O ye did, ye did, ye did, O O.

Job. Well forward firra.

Ric. Glofter hath done this ieft.

Dra. And you call'd then for Suger fir, as good Suger and 1650
as wholfome, as euer came in any cup of Sacke: you drunke
to this man, and you doe well God be thanked, but hee no
fooner drunke:

Pur. But I, but I, but I, O my head, O my heart.

Rich. I cannot chufe but fmile at thefe confeites.

Jo. I am mad, and yet I muft laugh at Faukenbridge:
Brother, looke how fir Richard actes his rage?

Fau. I

called Looke about you.

Fau. I came? I call? the man is like to dye,
Practife by th'emaffe, practife by the marry God,
Iohn loues me not, Prince Richard loues my wife, 1660
I fhall be charg'd heere, for a poyfnd knaue,
Practife by th'Lord, practife I fee it cleare.

Pur. And more Sir Richard, O Lord O Sir Richard,

Fa. What more? what haft thou more? what practife more?

Pur. O my box, my box, with the Kings armes, O my box,
O my box, it coft me, O Lord euery penny O, my box,

Rcib. And what of your box fir.

Dra. Mary fir it's loft, & tis wel knowne my Mafter keeps
no theeues in his houfe, O there was none but you and he.

Fau. O then belike thou thinkeft I had his box, 1670

Pur. O fir Richard I will not, O Lord I will not charge you
for all the world, but, but, but for the warrant the olde King
fignd to repreeue the Porter of the fleet, O God, O God!

Job. The Porter of the Fleet, the olde king fignd,

Pur. I my good Lord, oh, oh,

Jo. Is he repreiued then?

Pur. No my Lord, O fir Richard tooke it from me with his
owne hand, O.

Fau. Heeres a deuice to bring me in contempt
With the olde King, that I euer lou'd, 1680
Princes and Shiriffe, you can witneffe with me,
That I haue bin with you, this after noone,
Onely with you, with no body but you,
And now a fellow whome the King would faue,
By a repreiue, this fellow fayes is hang'd,

Jo. If thou hadft done it, Ide haue iuftified it,
But Richard I conceipt this ieft already,
This mad mate Skinke, this honeft merry knaue,
Meeting this Purfeuant, and hearing tell
He had a warrant to repreeue a laue, 1690
Whome we would hang: ftole it away from him.
This is fure the Ieft, vpon my life it is,

Pur. O but my warrant, how fhall I doe? O,

Ric. But looke about you, hot braind brother Iohn,
And I beleeeue you'l finde it otherwife,

Glofter

A pleafant Commodity,

Glofter hath got the warrant in difguife,
And fau'd the fellow you fo faine would hang.

Jo. No, no, how fay you M. Shiriffe, is he not hang'd?

Shi. My Lord, the gibbet was fet vp by noone
In the olde Bayly, and I charg'd my men,
If I returne not, though it were by Toarch light,
To fee him executed ere they come.

1700

Jo. I am greedy to heare newes.

Fau. Rob'd of my chaine, out-fac'd I had a fwoord,
Accuf'd of poyfoning, coufonage, seeking bloud?
Not to be borne: it is vntollerable.

Rich. Sir Richard, I prethee haue fome patience.

Fau. Ile to Blacke-heath, talke not of patience,
It is intollerable, not to be borne.

Jo. It is intollerable not to be borne,
A warrant brother, Faukenbridge a warrant?

1710

Fau. I faw no warrant, I defie you all.

Jo. A flauie, a Purfeuant, one winter borne.

Fau. I care not for thee that winter borne.

Pur. O it is I fir, that's my warrant.

Jo. Ift you? you rogue, you drunkerd; ye are cheated,
And we are cheated of the prifoner,
Out dog, dog.

Pur. O ô ô ô my Lord.

Exit and Drawer.

Shi. Haue patience and we wil haue a priuy fearch.

1720

Job. Goe hang ye block-heads, get ye from my fight,
O would I were a Bafiliske, to kill
Thefe gleare ey'd villaines.

Shir. Come away let's leaue him.

Exeunt Shiriffes

We haue a warrant let him doe his worft.

and Officers.

Fau. Ile to Blacke-heath, Ile to the holy Hermit,
There fhall I knowe not onely thefe deceiuers,
But how my wife playes faft and loofe with Richard,
Ha, I fhall fit them, Ile tickle them,

Ile doo't, Ile hence, Ile to the Heath amaine,

Exit. 1730

Job. There fhall I know, where this damned Glofter is,
Ile haue the Deuils rouf'd to finde that Deuill,
Or elfe Ile coniure the olde Coniurer.

Ile

called Looke about you.

Ile to Blacke-heath, and there with friends conspire,
But Ile haue Glosters head my hearts desire.

Rich. Would mad Earle Robyn saw these humouristes.
Twol'd feed him fat with Laughter; O twold fit him,
Where euer he is, I knowe the bare confaite
Is better to him than his daintieft foode,
Well, and it fits mee well, now I haue time,
To coort my Lady Faukenbridge at leysure,
Loue I emlore thy aide faire Cipria,
Thou sea-borne mother at affections ring,
Shine brightly in thy sphere, that at my starre,
My plannet thou of all lights most beautious,
Be thou to my desires Auspicious.

1740

Exit.

*Enter Robin Hood in the Lady Faukenbridges
gowne, night attire on his head.*

Sc. vi

Rob. O for this Lady, was neuer poore Gentleman troubled
with Gentlewoman as I am with my selfe, my Lady Fauken-
bridge hath fitted me a turne, heere I am visited with fleue-
lesse errands and with asking for this thing Madam and that
thing Madam, that they make me almost mad in earnest.
whoop heer's another Client.

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. Heer's my Lady Rawfords Page attends to speake with
your Ladyship.

Rob. I pray ye bid her Lordships Page come into my
Ladyship: well Robin Hood, part with these pettycoates,
And cast these loose deuices from thy backe,
Ile nere goe more vntrust, neuer bee kercheft.
Neuer haue this adoe, with what doe you lacke?

1760

Enter Page.

Pag. Madam my Lady greets your honour kindly,
And sends you the first grapes of her young vine.

Rob. I am much indepted to her honour, thers an angel for
you to drinke; fet them vp till after supper. Humphery, pray
looke about for Blocke. Humphery? trust mee I thinke the
foole be lost.

Pa. No forsooth, Madam hee's vpon the greene Iesting
with a stammerer, one Redcap.

G

Rob. it is

A pleafant Commodity

Rob. It is a lewd fellowe, pray bid him come in youth, Ile giue him his welcome at the doore: commend me to your Lady, I pray ye hartily.

Exit Page

Humphrey, I maruell where fir Richard is fo late^r truly, truly hee does not as befeemes a gentleman of his calling, pray let some goe foorth to meete him on the greene, and fend in that blockehead Blocke.

Exit Humphrey.

Enter Redcap and Blocke after him.

Bloc. Wil ye tel tales ye affe, will ye?

1780

Red. Ile te te tell your La La Lady or I would to g God we were ha hang'd else, as my fa father should haue bin.

Rob. Now what's the matter there I pray you? what company haue you there a gods name? where spend you the day I pray?

Bloc. Why where you gaue me leaue, at the gallows I was, no farther.

Red. A a and you be his La Lady, you are the La Lady Fau Faukenbridge, the Earle of glo Glosters sifter.

Rob. I am so fellow.

1790

Red. Y y your man b b Blocke heere, does no nothing but f f floute in me, a and cr cries r run Re Redcap ad f f fee your f f father ha ha hang'd. I sh shal g go neere to m make m murder and he v vse it.

Rob. Wel firra, leaue your mocking you were best, Ile bob your beetle head and if you mocke him.

Blo. He's run Redcap.

Red. La la law ma Madam.

Rob. Away ye faucy foole, goe waite within.

Blo. Run Redcap, run Redcap.

Exit. 1800

Rob. Art thou the Porters sonne, that was condemned about my brother Gloster?

Red. I g g God be with ye, I am the p p Porters son, I m must r run to f f feeke your b br brother.

Rob. Wel, drinke that fellow, if thou finde my brother bee not too violent, and Ile reward thee.

Red. I th th thanke ye h hartily, and I had not bin coufoned with Sk Skinke, I had no nee need of these ia iaunts, for Gl Gloster was f safe enough.

Enter

called Looke about you.

Enter Blocke and the Porter with his cloake muffled. 1810

Blo. Ah farewell Redcap.

Red, Fa fare we wel and be ha hang. *Exit.*

Rob. You'll neuer leaue your knauery, whose there more ?

Blo. One Madam that hath commendations to you from
your brother.

Rob. Commeth thou from Gloster ? thou art welcome friend

Blo. O it's one of the kindest Ladies (though she wil now &
then haue about with Block) that euer breath'd, and she had
been in her mood now, Redcap would haue made her such
sp sp sport as't a pa pa past. 1820

Rob. Wil you make sport and see who knockes againe ?

Bl. Our gates are like an Anuile, from foure to ten, nothing
but knicke a knocke vpon't. *Exit.*

Rob. Wil you be gone fir ? honest friend I am glad
My brother Gloster got thy liberty,
Whose flight was cause of thy captiuitie :
Nor shal there be in vs such negligence,
Though thou haue lost thy Office and thy house,
But we wil see thee better farre provided,
Than when thou wert porter in the Fleete. 1830

Enter Blocke.

Blo. Madam your olde friend Prince Richard,
All alone, making mone, fetching many a greeuous grone.

Rob. Prince Richard come so late ? lights to his chamber,
Sirra, in any case say I am sicke.

Blo. Very sicke, sicke and like to dye: Ile sing it and you wil.

Ro. Away ye knaue, tel him, in the morning
Ile humbly waite vpon his excellence.

Blo. That's all his desire to haue ye lowly and humble, and
tis a courteous thing in a Lady. *Exit.* 1840

Ro. Hence, or else ile set you hence : goe in good friend.
Come Lady Faukenbridge, it's time to come,
Robin can holde out no longer I see,
Hot wooers will be tempters presently. *Exit*

Enter Skinke like a Hermit.

Sc. xii

Ski. Now holy Skinke in thy religious weed,
Looke out for purchase, or thy wonted clyants :

A pleasant Commodity

Warrents quoth you, I was fairely warrented,
Young Robin Hood the Earle of Huntington,
Shall neuer fetch me more vnto his Prince.

1850

Enter Ladie Faukenbridge in Merchants wiues attyre.

But *pauca verba* Skinke, a prize, a prize,
By th' mas a pretty girle, close Hermit close,
Ore-heare if thou canst, what she desires,
For so my cunning and my credit spreads.

La. See how affection armes my feeble strength,
To this so desperate iourneying all alone,
While Robin Hood young Earle of Huntington,
Playes Lady Faukenbridge for me at home.

Ski. What mistery is this? the Lady Faukenbridge,
It's she, sweet fortune thou hast sent her wel,
I will intice this morcell to my Cell:
Her husband's iealous, I will giue him cause,
As he beleuees, I hope it shall succeed;
Nay swounds it shal, she's mine in scorne of speed.

1860

La. By this broad beaten path, it should appeare,
The holy Hermits Caue cannot be farre,
And if I erre not, this is he himselve.

Ski. What honour'd tongue enquereth for the Hermit?

La. What honour'd tongue?

1870

Ski. I Lady Faukenbridge,
I know ye, and I know for what you come,
For Gloster and your husbands iealousie.

La. O thou, whose eye of contemplation,
Lookes through the windows of the highest heauens,
Resolue thy Hand-maide, where Earle Gloster liues:
And whether he shal liue, and scape the hate,
Of proude young Henry and his brother Iohn?

Ski. Ile haue you first in, Ile tel you more anone.
Madam, they say bushes haue eares and eyes,
And these are matters of great secrecy:
And you'll vouchsafe enter my holy Cell,
There what you long to know, ile quickly tell.

1880

Enter Iohn and Faukenbridge.

La. Stay heere are strangers.

Ski. A

called Looke about you.

Ski. A plague vpon them, come they in the nicke,
To hinder Raynald of his Foxes tricke?

Jo. Good day olde Hermit.

Fau. So to you faire Dame.

Io. By Elinors gray eye she's faire indeed ;
Sweet heart come ye for holy benizons ?
Hermit hast thou good custome with such Clients ?
I cannot blame your feates, your iugling trickes,
Plague iuggle you.

1890

La. Why curfse ye sacred worth ?

Fau. Ill done in sooth my Lord, very ill done,
Wrong holines : a very pretty woman.
Mocke grauity ; by the masse a cherry lippe,
A it's not wel done, deride a holy Hermit ?

Iob. I haue it in my purse shall make amends.

1900

Ski. His purse and yours, shall make me some amends,
For hindring me this morning from the Lady ;
For scaring me at Tauerne yesternight,
For hauing backe your chaine, Ile fit you both.

Io. Hermit, a word.

Fau. A word with you faire mistresse.

Io. Where lye your deuils that tel all your newes ?
Would you would trouble them for halfe an houre,
To know what's become of traytor Gloster,
That in my cloathes brake prison in the Fleete ?

1910

Ski. No, it was Skinke.

Jo. Come olde foole yee dote.

Ski. But heare me.

Fau. Heare him Prince.

Io. Swounds who heares you ? Ile make your Lady graft ye
for this worke : but to your tale fir.

Ski. Knowe thrife honour'd Prince, that Skinke did coufen
Redcap of his cloathes.

Gloster did couzen Skinke, and so escapt.

Jo. Well done Faukenbridge ?

1920

Fau. My Lord, he tels you true.

Jo. You finde it on her lippes : but forward fir.

Ski. Twas Skinke in Glosters gowne, whome you did visit,
That

A pleafant Commodity

That playd at bowles and after stole your cloths,
While you went into the Lord Moortons chamber.

Io. This fauors of fome truth,

Fau. Tis very like,

Job. Well Faukenbridge by heauen Ile tell your wife,

Fau. She'l much beleeeue you: you will come?

Tell me of my wife: this euening faile me not.

1930

My wife quoth you: Ile fend my wife from home,

Do, tell my wife prince Iohn, by my deare mother,

I loue her too too well to like another.

La. It seemes fo fox, O what a world is this,

There most sinne raynes where least fufpition is,

Fau. You'l come.

La. I will not faile, I warrant you,

Jo. Hermit is all this true,

Ski. Himfelfe deliuer not fo much before ye sleepe,
Roote me from out the borders of this Realme.

1940

Jo. Well by your leaue fir Richard Faukenbridge,
Hence free from feare, you'l melt you'l melt olde man,

Fau. Nay take her to you, ſhe is a ſhrow I warrant,

Ile to the holy Hermit, and inquire,

About my chaine, your ſword, the Purſeuant

And other matters that I haue to aſke,

Ski. Your welcome good fir Richard,

Io. Nay doe not ſtand on tearmes, I am fire, all life,

Nor neuer tell me that I haue a wife.

I doe not meane to marry, ye think ſo,

1950

But to be merry, you the manner knowe.

And you will haue me, haue me, poynt a meeting,

Ile be your true loue, you ſhall be my ſweeting,

If you deny to promiſe, this is plaine

Ile haue my will eare you get home againe.

La. moſt gracious Lord.

Io. Tut tell not me of grace I like no goodnes but a beauti-
ous face.

Be therefore breefe, giue me your hand & ſweare,

Or Ile away with you into the heath,

1960

Neither ſhall Faukenbridge nor Hermit helpe,

And

called Looke about you.

And what I doe Ile answer well enough.

La. Why, then my Lord.

Jo. Nay do not stand on then,
But tell me when my Lord shall haue you Lady,
Its presently, ile venter for a baby.

La. This night at stepney by my summer house,
There is a tauerne which I sometime vse,
When we from London come a goffoping,
It is the Hinde.

1970

Io. Giue me thy pretty hand.
Thou'lt meet me at the Hinde, Ile by thy Roe,

La. One word's enough,

Job. Suffice then be it so,

La. Ile fit my olde adulterer and your grace,
Ile send the Princeesse thether in my place.

Fa. Prince Iohn, Prince Iohn, the Hermit teles me wonders.
He sayes it was Skinke that scapt vs at the Tauerne,
Skinke had my chaine: nay sure that Skinke did all.

Skin. I say goe but to yonder corner,
And ere the Sun be halfe an hower higher,
Ther will the theefe attempt a robbery,

1980

Io. Who Skinke?

Fau. Will Skinke?

Ski. I Skinke vpon my word.

Fau. Shal we goe seaze vpon him good Prince Iohn?

Io. Nay we will haue him that's no question.
And yet not hurte the honest rogue.
he'll helpe vs well in quest of changinge Gloster,
Hermit farwell, Lady keepe your houre.

1990

Fau. Adeiu olde Hermit: soone in th'euening Lasse,

La. Ile meet you both, and meet with both of you.
Father what answere doe you giue to me?

Ski. Lady start downe I must into my cell,
Where I am curing of a man late hurt,
He drest, I must vnto my Orizons,
In halfe an houre al wil be dispatcht,
And then I will attend your Ladyship.

La. At your best leasure father, O the life

That

A pleafant Commodity

That this thriſe reuerend Hermit leadeth heere.
How farre remote from mortall vanities,
Baiteſ to the ſoule, enticementſ to the eye?
How farre is he vnlike my luſtfull Lord?
Who being giuen himſelfe to be vnchaſte,
Thinke all men like himſelfe, in their effectſ,
And iniures me, that neuer had a thought,
To wrong the ſacred rytes of ſpotleſſe faith.

2000

*Enter Skinke with a patch on his face, and a Faulconers lure
in his hand.*

Ski. Hermit farewell, ile pay ye or ſpeake with ye next time
I ſee yee. Sweete mouſe the Hermit bids you ſtay heere,
he'll viſit you anon. Now Iohn and Faukenbridge, Ile match
yee, and I doe not ſay Skinke's a wretch, a wren, a worme,
when I haue trickt them, Madam I will trimme you. Com-
modity is to be prefer'd before pleaſure. About profit Skink,
for crownes for crownes, that make the kingly thoughtſ.

2010

La. I am affur'd that man's ſome murderer, *Exit.*
Good Father Hermit ſpeake and comfort me,
Are ye at prayers good olde man? I pray ye ſpeake,
What's heere a beard? a counterfeited hayre?
The Hermits portes? garments and his beades?
Ieſus defend me I will fly this denne,
It's ſome theeues caue, no haunt for holy men.
What if the murderer, (as I geſ him one)
Set on my huſband, tuſh Prince Iohn and hee
Are able to defend them noble felues,
How eare, I will not tarry, Ile away,
Leaſt vnto theft and rape, I prooue apray. *Exit.*

2020

Enter Skinke Solus.

Skin. Younder they are Ile fit them, heer's my ground :
Wa ha how, wa ha how, wa ha how?

Sc. xiii

2031

Enters Faukenbridge.

Fau. I warrant ye my Lord ſome man's diſtreſt.

Ioh. Why man tis a Faulconer.

Fau. Mary

called Looke about you.

Fa. Mary of me good fellow, I did think thou hadst bin robd.

Ski. Rob'd, fir no, he that comes to rob me shal haue a hard match on't, yet two good fellows had like to bin rob'd by one tall theefe, had not I stept in: abots on him, I lost a hauke by him, & yet I car'd not to send another after him, so I could find the theefe; and here about he is. I know he is squatted. 2040

Fau. Sayst thou me so? we'll finde him by S. Mary.

An honest fellow, a good common wealths man.

Io. There are caues heereabout good fellow, are there not?

Ski. Yes fir, tread the ground fir, & you shal heare their hollownes, this way fir this way.

Io. Help Faukenbridge.

Fau. O help me good prince Iohn.

Skin. Ile helpe you both, deliuer fir deliuer, Swounds linger not: Prince Iohn put vp your purse, or ile throw poniards downe vpon your pate. Quickly, when? I am Skink 2050 that scapt ye yesternight, and fled the Fleete in your cloake, carrying mee cleane out of winde and raine. I broke the bonds and linkes that fettered your chaine amity, this cheate is mine: Farewel I cannot stay, sweet Prince, olde Knight, I thanke ye for this pray.

Fau. Gods mary mother, heer's a iest indeed,

We came to take, a theefe takes vs:

Where are ye good my Lord?

Jo. No matter where, I thinke I was fore-spoken at y^e teate, This damn'd rogue seru'd me thus? Gloster and he 2060 Vpon my life conclude in villany.

He was not wont to plot these stratagems,

Lend me your hand a little, come away,

Let's to the Cell againe, perchaunce the Hermit

Is Skinke, and theefe, and Hermit al in one.

Fau. Mary a God then ten to one its so,

Wel thought on Princely Iohn,

He had my chayne, no doubt he had your sword.

Job. If there be now no Hermit at the Cel,

2069

Ile sweare by al the Saints its none but he.

Exeunt.

*Enter Gloster in the Hermits gowne, putting
on the beard.*

Sc. xiv

H

Glo. This

A pleasant Commodity

Glo. This accident hath hit thy humour Gloster,
From purfuant ile turne a Hermit now.
Sure he that keeps this Cell is a counterfeite,
Else what does he heere with false hayre and beard?
Well how so eare it be, Ile seeme to be
The holy Hermit: for such fame there is,
Of one accounted reuerend on this heath.

Enter Skinke.

2080

Ski. Ile faine vnto my cell, to my faire Lady,
But Iohn and Faukenbridge are at my heeles.
And some od mate is got into my gowne,
And walks deuoutly like my counterfeite,
I cannot stay to question with you now,
I haue another gowne, and all things fit,
These guests once rid, new mate? Ile bum, Ile marke you.

Gl. What's he a gods name? he is quickly gone,
I am for him, were he Robin-good fellow,
Whose yonder the Prince Iohn and Faukenbridge?
I thinke they haunt me like my *genii*,
One good the other ill, by th'mas they pry
And looke vppon me but suspitiously.

2090

Io. This is not Skinke, the Hermit is not Skinke:
He is a learned reuerend holy man.

Fau. He is he is a very godly man.
I warrant ye, he's at his booke at's prayers,
Wee should haue tooke you, by my hollydam
Euen for a very theefe.

(me so,

Glo. Now God forfend such noblemen as you should gesse
I neuer gaue such cause for ought I knowe.

2100

Job. Yet thou didst tell vs Skinke should doe a robbery,
Appoynted vs the place, and there we found him,

Fau. And he felt vs, for he hath rob'd vs both.

Glo. He's a lewd fellow, but he shall be taken.

Io. I had rather heere of Gloster then of him.

Glo Gloster did cheat him, of the same golde chaine,
That deceiu'd Sir Richard Faukenbridge.
He got your sword Prince Iohn: twa's he that faude
The porter, and beguil'd the Purfuant,

2110

Job. A

called Looke about you.

Iob. A vengauce on him.

Glo. Doo not curffe good Prince, he's bad enough, twere better pray for him.

Jo. Ile kill thee, and thou bid me pray for him.

Ile fell woods, and ring thee round with fire,
Make thee an offering vnto fierce reuenge,
If thou haue but a thought to pray for him.

Glo. I am bound to pray for all men, chesely christians.

Iob. Ha ha, for christians, thinkst thou he is one ?

For men: hast thou opinion he is a man ?

2120

He that changes himselfe to sundry shapes,
Is he a christian? can he be a man ?

O, Irreligious thoughts,

Glo. Why worthy Prince I saw him christened, dept into

Io. Then nyne times like the northen laplanders, (the font
He backward circled the sacred Font,
And nyne times backward sayd his Orisons,
As often curst the glorious hoast of heauen,
As many times inuocke the fiends of hell,
And so turn'd witch, for Gloster is a witch.

2130

Glo. Haue patient Gentle Prince, he shall appeare,
Before your Kingly father speedily.

Io. Shall he indeed? sweet comfort kisse thy cheeke,
Peace circle in thy aged honoured head,
When he is taken: Hermit I protest
Ile build thee vp a chappell and a shrine:
Ile haue thee worshipt, as a man deuine,
Affure he shall come, and Skinke shall come.

Glo. I that same Skinke, I prethee send that Skinke,

Job. Send both, and both as prissoners crimminate
Shall forfeite their last liues to Englands state,
Which way will Faukenbridge ?

2140

Fau. Ouer the water, and so with al speed I may to Stepney

Io. I must to Stepney too, and reuile, and be blith,
Olde winke at my mirth, t'may make amends,
So thou, and I, and our friends, may be friends,

Fau. Withall my heart, withall my heart Prince,
Olde Faukenbridge will waite vppon your grace,

A pleasant Commodity,

Be good to Gloster for my Marrians sake,
And me and myne you shall your seruants make, 2150

Glo. Of that anon my pleasure being seru'd,
Gloster shall haue what Gloster hath deseru'd.

Fau. Why, that's well said, adew good honest Hermit, *Exit.*

Io. Hermit farwell, if I had my desire,
Ile make the world thy wonderous deeds admire, *Exit.*

Glo. Still good, still passing good, Gloster is still
Henryes true hate, foe to Iohns froward will.

No more of that for them in better tyme,
If this same Hermit be an honest man,
He will protect me by this simple life, 2160

If not I care not, Ile be euer Gloster,
Make him my foot stole if he be a slaue,
For Basenessse ouer worth can haue no power.
Robin be thinke thee, thou art come from Kings,
Then scorne to be slaue to vnderlings,
Looke well about thee Lad and thou shalt see,
Them burst in enuy that would iniure thee.
Hermit Ile meet you in your Hermits gowne,
Honest, Ile loue you: worse, Ile knocke you downe. *Exit.*

Enter Prince Richard with musicke.

Sc. 17

Kinde friends, wee haue troubled Lady Faukenbridge,
And eyther she's not willing to be seene, 2172
Or els not well: or with our boldnesse greeu'd,
To ease these I haue brought you to this window,
Knowing your are in musicke excellent,
I haue pend a ditty heere: and I desire
You would sing it for her loue and my content,

Musi. With all my heart my Lord.

Enter Robin Hood like the Lady.

Rob. Your excellence forgets your Princely worth, 2180
If I may humbly craue it at your hands,
Let me desire this musicke be dismist,

Ric. For beare I pray and with draw your selues.
Be not offended gracious Marrian, *Exeunt Musicke.*
Vnder the vpper heauen, nine goodly spheres,

Turne

called Looke about you.

Turne with a motion euer musically,
In Pallaces of Kings, melodious sounds,
Offer pleasures to ther soueraignes eares.
In Temples, milke white clothed queristors,
Sing sacred Anthemes bowing to the shrine,
And in the feelds whole quires of winged clarkes,
Salutes the morning bright and Christaline,
Then blame not me, you are my heauen, my Queene,
My saint, my comfort, brighter then the morne,
To you all musicke, and all praise is due.
For your delight you for delight was borne,
The world wold haue no mirth, no ioy, no day,
If from the world your beautie were away.

2190

Rob. Fie on loues blasphemie and forgery,
To call that in, thats onely misery,
I that am wedded to suspitious age,
Solicited by your lasciuious youth,
I that haue one poore comforte liuing,
Gloster my brother, my hie harted brother,
He flies for feare, least he should faint and fall
Into the hands of hate tirannicall.

2200

Ric. What would you I should doe?

Rob. I would full faine, my brother Gloster had his peace
again.

Ric. Shall loue be my reward if I doe bring
A certaine token of his good estate,
And after pacyfie my brothers wrath?
Say you'l loue, we'l be fortunate,

2210

Rob. I will.

Rich. No more, I vow to dye vnblest
If I performe not this imposed quest,
But one word Madam pray can you tell,
Where Huntington my ward is?

Rob. I was bold to send yong Robin Hood your noble ward
Vpon some busines of import for me.

2220

Ri. I am glad he is imployde in your affayres,
Farewell kinde faire, let one cloudy frowne
Shaddow the bright sunne of thy beauties light.

A pleasant Commodity,

Be confident in this, ile finde thy brother,
Rayfe power but we'l haue peace, onely performe
Your gracious promise at my backe returne.

Rob. Wel, heer's my hand, Prince Richard that same night
Which secondeth the day of your returne,
Ile be your bedfellow, and from that houre
Forfeare the loathed bed of Faukenbridge :
Be speedy therefore, as you hope to speed.

2230

Ric. O that I were as large wing'd as the winde,
Then should you see my expeditious will :
My most desire, adew, guesse by my haste,
Of your sweet promise the delicious taste.

Exit.

Rob. Why so: I am rid of him by this deuise,
He would else haue tyred me with his sighes and songs,

Enter Blocke.

But now I shall haue ease, heere comes the Saint,
To whom such fute was made.

2240

Bl. My Lady Gentlewoman is eue n heere in her priuie
walke, Madam heer's the Marchants wife was heere yester-
day would speake with yee; O I was somewhat bolde to
bring her in.

Ro. Wel leaue vs fir; y'are welcome gentlewoman.

Blo. These women haue no liberality in the world in them,
I neuer let in man to my Lady, but I am rewarded.

Rob. Please ye to walke fir? wherfore mumble ye?

La. Robin what newes? how hast thou done this night?

Ro. My Ladiship hath done my part, my taske,
Lyne all alone for lacke of company,
I might haue had Prince Richard,

2250

La. Was he heere?

Rob. He went away but now; I haue bin lou'd & wood too
God rid me of the woman once againe, (simply,
Ile not be tempted so for all the world,
Come, wil you to your chamber and vncase?

La. Nay keep my habit yet a little while,
Olde Faukenbridge is almost at the gate,
I met him at Black heath iust at the Hermits,
And taking me to be a Merchants wife,

2260

called Looke about you.

Fell mightily in loue, gaue me his ring,
Made me protest that I would meete him heere.
I tolde him of his Lady, O tut quoth he,
Ile shake her vp, ile packe her out of fight,
He comes kinde Robin Hood, holde vp the iest.

Enter Sir Rich. Faukenbridge and Blocke.

Fau. Gods mary knaue, how long hath she bin heere ?

Blo. Sir she came but euen in afore you.

Fa. A cunning queane, a very cunning queane, 2270
Go to your busines Block, ile meete with her. (*wards. Exit.*)

Blo. Ah old Muttonmounger I beleue heer's worke to-

Fau. Doe not beleue her Mall, doe not beleue her :

I onely spake a word or two in iest,
But would not for the world haue bin so mad,
Doe not beleue her Mall, doe not beleue her :

Rob. What should I not beleue ? what doe you meane ?

La. Why good Sir Richard, let me speake with you,
Alas wil you vndoe me ? wil you shame me ?
Is this your promise ? came I heere for this ? 2280
To be a laughing stocke vnto your Lady

Rob. How now Sir Richard, what's the matter there ?

Fa. Ile talke with you anon, come hyther woman ?
Didst not tel my wife what match we made : ?

La. I tel your wife ? thinke ye I am such a beast ?
Now God forgiue ye, I am quite vndone.

Fau. Peace duck, peace ducke, I warrant al is wel.

Rob. What's the matter ? I pray ye sir Richard tell me ?

Fau. Mary Mall thus, about some twelue monthes since, 2290
Your brother Gloster, that mad prodigall,
Caus'd me to passe my word vnto her husband,
For some two thousand pound : or more perchaunce,
No matter what it is, you shall not know,
Nay ye shal neuer aske to know.

Rob. And what of this ?

Fau. Mary the man's decayde,
And I beleue a little thing would please her ;
A very little thing, a thing of nothing.
Goe in good Mall, and leaue vs two alone,

Ile

A pleafant Commodity

Ile deale with ye as fimplly as I can.

2300

La. Fox looke about ye, ye are caught yfaith.

Rob. Deale with her fimplly, ô ho; what kinde of dealing?
Can ye not deale with her and I be by?

Fau. Mary a God, what are ye iealous?
Ye teach me what to doe: in, get you in.

O I haue heard Prince Richard was your gueft,

How dealt you than? In get you in I fay,

Muft I take care about your brothers debts,

And you ftand croffing me, in, or ile fend you in. *Exit Robin.*

Ha firra, you'l be mafter, you'l weare the yellow,

2310

You'l be an ouer-feer: mary fhall yee.

La. Ye are too curft (methinkes fir) to your Lady;

Fau. Ah wench content thee, I muft beare her hard,
Elfe ſhe'l be prining into my dalliances:

I am an olde man fweet girle I muft be merry,

All ſteele, al ſpright, keep in health by change,

Men may be wanton, wowed muft not range.

La. You haue giuen good counfel fir, ile repent me,
Heer's your ring, ile onely loue my husband.

Fau. I meane not fo, I thinke to day thou toldeſt me
Thy husband was an vnthrif, and a bankrout,

2320

And he be fo, tut thou haſt fauour ſtore,

Let the knaue beg, beauty cannot be poore.

La. Indeed my husband is a bankrout,

Of faith, of loue, of ſhame, of chaſtity,

Dotes vpon other women more then me.

Fau. Ha doe he fo? then giue him tit for tat,

Haue one fo young and faire, and loues another,

He's worthy to be coockolded by the maſſe.

What is he olde or young?

2330

La. About your age.

Fa. An old knaue and cannot be content with ſuch a peate,
Come to my cloſet girle, make much of me,

We'll appoint a meeting place ſome twiſe a weake,

And ile maintaine thee like a Lady, ha?

La. O but you'll forget me preſently,
When you looke well vpon your Ladies beauty.

Fau. Who

called Looke about you.

Fau. Who vpon her? why she is a very dowdy,
A dishclout, a foule lippsie vnto thee,
Come to my cloffet lasse, there take thy earnest
Of loue, of pleasure and good maintenaunce.

2340

La. I am very fearefull.

Fau. Come foole neuer feare I am Lord heare, who shall
disturb as then?

Nay come, or by the rood Ile make you come,

La. Help Madam Faukenbridge for gods sake.

Enter Robin Hood and Blocke.

Fau. How now, what meanst?

La. Help Gentle Madam help,

Rob. How now what aylst thou?

2350

Bloc. Nay and't be a woman, nere feare my master Madam

La. Why speakst thou not, what aylst thou?

Fau. Why nothing, by the rood nothing she aylys.

La. O Madam this vile man would haue abused me,
And forst me to his cloffet,

Rob. Ah olde cole, now looke about, you are catcht,

La. Call in your fellowes blocke,

Fa. Doe not thou knaue,

La. Doe or Ile cracke your crowne,

Blo. Nay Ile doo't, I knowe she meanes to shame you. *Exit.* 2360

Fau. Why Mall wilt thou beleuee this paultrie woman?
Huswife Ile haue you whipt for slaundring me.

Ro. What Leacher, no she is an honest woman,
Her husband's well knowne, all the household knowes.

Blo. Heer's some now, to tell all the towne your mynd,

La. Before ye all I must sure complaine,
You see this wicked man, and ye all knowe
How oft he hath byn Iealous of my life,
Suspecting falshood being false himselfe;

Blo. O maister, O maister,

2370

Fau. She slaunders me. she is a coufoning queane,
Fetch me the Constable, Ile haue her punisht,

La. The Constable for me fie, fie vpon ye.
Madam do you know this ring?

Rob. It is fir Richards.

A pleasant Commodity

Bl. O I, that's my masters too sure.

Fau. I mary, I did lend it to the false drab
To fetch some money for that bankrout knave
Her husband, that lyes prisoner in the Fleete.

La. My husband bankrout? my husband in the Fleete prisoner? 2380
No, no, he is as good a man as you. (ner?)

Rob. I that he is, and can spend pound for pound
With thee yfaith, wert richer then thou art,
I know the gentleman.

La. Nay Madam he is hard by, there must be Reuelles at the
Hinde to night;
Your copesmate there, Prince Iohn.

Rob. Ther's a hot youth.

Bl. O, a fierce Gentleman.

La. He was fierce as you, but I haue matcht him, 2390
The Princeesse shall be there in my attyre.

Fau. A plaguy crafty queane, mary a God
I see Prince Iohn, coorted as well as I,
And since he shal be mockt as well as I,
Its some contentment.

Bl. Masse he droopes, fellow Humphrey, he is almost taken,
Looke about ye old Richard?

Fau. Hence knaues, get in a little, prethee Mall
Let thou and I and she, shut vp this matter.

Rob. Away sirs, get in. 2400

Bl. Come, come let's goe, he wil be baited now, farewell old

Rob. Now sir, what say you now? (Richard. *Exit*)

Fa. Mary sweet Mall I say I met this woman, likt her, lou'd
For she is worthy loue I promise thee; (her,
I say I coorted her: tut make no braule
Twixt thou and I, we'l haue amends for all.

Ro. Had I done such a tricke, what then? what then?

Fau. Ah prethee Mall, tut beare with men.

Rob. I, we must beare with you; you'l be excus'd,
When women vnderferued are abus'd. 2410

Fau. Nay doe not weep, pardon me gentle Lady,
I know thee vertuous, and I doo protest,
Neuer to haue an euill thought of thee.

Rob. I

called Looke about you.

Rob. I, I, ye sweare, who's that that will beleue ye?

Fau. Now by my holydam and honest faith,
This Gentlewoman shall witnes what I sweare.
Sweet Ducke a little help me?

La. Trust him Madam.

Fau. I will be kinde, credulous, constant euer,
Doe what thou wilt, ile be suspicious neuer.

2420

Ro. For which I thanke noble Faukenbridge.

Fau. Body of me who's this? yong Huntington?

La. And I your Lady whome you coorted last,
Ye lookt about you ill, foxe we haue caught ye,
I met ye at Blacke heath, and ye were hot.

Fau. I knew thee Mall, now by my swoord I knew thee,
I winkt at all, I laught at euery iest.

Rob. I, he did winke, the blinde man had an eye.

Fa. Peace Robin, thou't once be a man as I.

La. Well, I must beare it all.

2430

Fa. Come, & ye beare, its but your office, come forget sweet

La. I doe forgieue it, and forget it fir. (Mall.

Fa. Why that's well said, that's done like a good girle:
Ha firra, ha you matcht me pretty Earle?

Rob. I haue, ye see fir I must vnto Blacke heath,
In quest of Richard, whom I sent to seeke
Earle Gloster out, I know he's at the Hermits;
Lend me your Coach; Ile shift me as I ride,
Farewell fir Richard.

Exit.

Fau. Farewell Englands pride, by the mattins Mall it is a pretty childe;

2440

Shall we goe meete Iohn? shall we goe mocke the Prince?

La. We will.

Fa. O then we shall haue sport anon,
Neuer weare yellow Mall, twas but a tricke,
Olde Faukenbridge wil stil be a mad Dicke.

Exeunt.

Enter Redcap and Gloster.

Sc. xvi

Red. Doe ye f say fa fa father Hermit, th that Gl Gloster is
about this Heath?

Glo. He is vpon this Heath, Sonne looke about it,
Run but the compasse, thou shalt finde him out,

2450

A pleafant Commodity

Red. R r run? ile r run the co compaffe of all k Kent but Ile f finde him out, my f f father (where ere hee layes his head) dare ne neuer co come home I know, t t till hee bee fo fo found.

Gl. Wel thou shalt find him, knowft thou who's a hunting?

Red. M m mary tis the Earles of La La Lancafter and Le Leyfter. Fa fa farewell f father, and I finde Skink or Glo Glofter, Ile g g giue thee the pr prife of a penny p p pudding for thy p paines.

2460

Glo. Adew good friend: this is fure the fellow I fent on meffage from the Parliament.

The Porters sonne, he's ftill in queft of me,
And Skinke that coufoned him of his red cap.

Enter Richard like a Seruing man.

But looke about thee Glofter, who comes yonder?

O a plaine feruingman, & yet perhaps his bags are lyn'd,
And my purffe now growes thin: if he haue any I muft share

Enter Skinke like a Hermit. (with him.

2470

And who's on yond fide? O it is my Hermit,
Hath got his other fute fince I went foorth.

Ski. Sbloud yonder's company, ile backe againe,
Elfe I would be with you counterfeite,
Ile leaue the rogue till opportunity,
But neuer eate till I haue quit my wrong.

Exit

Ric. I faw two men attend like holy Hermits,
One's flipt away, the other at his beades,
Now Richard for the loue of Marian,
Make thy inquiry where mad Glofter liues.
If England or the verge of Scotland holde him,
Ile feeke him thus disguif'd: if he be past
To any forraigne part; ile follow him.

2480

Loue thou art Lord of hearts, thy lawes are sweet,
In euery troubled way, thou guidft our feete.
Louers inioyn'd to paffe the daungerous Sea
Of big fwolne sorrow, in the Barke affection;
The windes and waues of woe need neuer feare,
While Loue, the helme doth like a Pylate steare.

Glo. Heer's some louer come, a mifchiefe on him,

called Looke about you.

I know not how to answere these mad fooles,

2490

But ile be briefe, ile marre the Hermits tale;

Off gowne, holde Buckler, slice it bilbowe blade.

Ric. What's this? what should this meane? old man, good

Glo. Young foole deliuer else see your end. (friend

Ric. I thought thou hadst been holy and a Hermit.

Glo. What ere you thought, your purffe? come quickly sir?
Cast that vpon the ground, and then conferre.

Ric. There it is.

Glo. Falles it so heauy? then my heart is light.

Ric. Thou't haue a heauy heart before thou touch it, 2500
Theft shrinde in holy weedes? stand to't y'are best.

Glo. And if I doe not, seeing such a pray,
Let this be to me a disauster day.

Ric. Art thou content to breath? *Fight & part once or twice*

Glo. With al my heart, take halfe thy money & we'l friend-

Ric. I will not cherish theft. (ly part.

Glo. Then I desye thee. *Fight againe and breath.*

Ric. Alas for pittie, that so stout a man,
So reuerend in aspect, should take this course.

Glo. This is no common man with whom I fight, 2510
And if he be, he is of wondrous spright,
Shall we part stakes?

Ric. Fellow take the purffe vpon condition thou wilt fol-

Glo. What waite on you? weare a turn'd Liuary? (low me?
Whose man's your master? If I be your man,
My mans mans office will be excellent:

There lyes your purffe againe, win it and weare it. *Fight.*

Enter Robin Hood, they breath, offer againe.

Rob. Clashing of weapons at my welcome hyther?

Bickring vpon Blacke-heath, well said olde man, 2520
Ile take thy side, the yonger hath the oddes.

Stay, end your quarrell, or I promise ye

Ile take the olde mans part.

Ric. You were not wont yong Huntington, stil on Richards

Rob. Pardon gracious Prince I knew ye not. (side

Gl. Prince Richard: then lye enuy at his foote,
Pardon thy cousen Gloster, valiant Lord,

A pleafant Commodity

I knew no common force confronted myne,
O heauen I had the like confeite of thine.

Ric. I tell thee Robin Glofter thou art met,
Bringing fuch comfort vnto Richards heart,
As in the foyle of warre when duft and fweat,
The thirft of weake, and the Sunnes fiery heate,
Haue feazd vppon the foule of valiaunce,
And he muft faint except he be refrefht,
To me thou comft as if to him fhould come,
A perry from the North, whose froftie breath
Might fan him coolneffe in that doubt of death.
With me then meets, as he a fpring might meet,
Cooling the earth vnder his toyle partcht feet,
Whose chriftall moyfture in his Helmit taine,
Comforts his fpyrits, makes him ftrong againe.

2530

2540

Glo. Prince, in fhort termes if you haue brought me com-
Know if I had my pardon in this hand fort
That fmit bafe Skinke in open Parlament,
I would not come to Court, till the high feaft
Of your proud brothers birth day be expyred,
For as the olde King as he made a vow
At his vnluckie Coronation,
Muft waite vpon the boy and fill his cuppe,
And all the Pieres muft kneele while Henry kneeles
Vnto his cradle; he fhall hang me vp,
Eare I commit that vile Idolatrie.

2550

But when the feaft is pafte if you'll befrend me,
Ile come and braue my proud foes to their teeth,
Ric. Come Robin, and if my brothers grace denye,
Ile take thy parte, them and their threatens defye,

Glo. Gramercy Princly Dicke,

Rob. I haue fome power; I can rayfe two thoufand Soldiers
in an hower,

2560

Glo. Gramercy Robin, gramercy little wag,
Prince Richard, pray let Huntington
Carry my fifter Faukenbridge this ring,

Ric. Ile carry it my felfe, but I had rather
Had thy kinde company, thou mightft haue mou'd

Thy

called Looke about you.

Thy Sifter, whome I long haue vainely lou'd,

Glo. I like her that she shunes temptation
Prince Richard, but I beare with doting louers,
I should not take it well, that you vrge me
To such an office: but I beare with you,
Loue's blindand mad, hie to her boldly, try her;
But if I know she yeeld, faith Ile defie her,

2570

Ric. I like thy honorable resolution,
Gloster I pray thee pardon my intreate,

Glo. its mens custome; part part Gentle Prince,
Farwell good Robin, this gold I will borrow,
Meet you at stepney pay you all to morrow,

Rob. A dew Gloster,

Gl. Farwell, be short; you gone, I hope to haue a little sport

Ric: Take heed mad Cuz.

Exeunt. 2580

Glo. Tut tell not me of heed,

He that's too wray neuer hath good speed.

Hollowing within, Enter Lanc. with a broken staffe in his hand.

Whose this old Lancaster my honoured frend?

Lan. These knaues haue seru'd me well, left me alone,
I haue hunted fairely, lost my purse, my chaine,
My Iewels, and bin bangd hy a bold knaue,
Clad in a Hermits gowne like an olde man,
O what a world is this? *Glo.* Its ill my Lord.

Lan. Hee's come againe, O knaue tis the worse for thee, 2590
Keepe from me, be content with that thou hast,
And see thou flie this heath, for if I take thee,
Ile make thee to all theeues aspectacle,
Had my staffe held, thou hadst not scaped me so,
But come not neare me, follow not thou art best,
Holla, Earle Leyster, holla Huntsman hoe?

Glo. Vppon my life, old Lancaster a Hunting,
Hath met my fellow Hermit, could I meet him,
Ide play rob theefe, at least part stakes with him.

Skin. Zounds he is yonder alone,

2600

Enter Redcap with a cudgell.

Skinke now reuenge thy selfe on yonder slaue,
Znayles still preuented? this same Redcap rogue

Runs

A pleafant Commodity

Runs like hob-goblin vp and downe the heath.

Red. Wh wh wh whope He Hermit, ye ha ha ma ma made
Re Redcap run a fine co co compaffe, ha haue you not?

Ski. I made thee run?

Glo. Younders my euill Angell, were redcap gone, Glofter
would coniure him.

Red. Ie Ie Iefus bl bleffe me, whop to to two Hermits? Ile 2610
ca ca caperclaw to to tone of yee, for mo mo mocking me,
and I d d doo not ha ha hang me: wh wh which is the fa fa
falfc k k k knaue? for I am f f fure the olde He He Hermit wo
would neuer mo mocke an honest man.

Glo. he is the counterfet he mockt thee fellow.
I did not fee thee in my life before,

He weares my garments, and has couffoned me,

Red. Haue you co co coufoned the he Hermit and m made
Redcap run to no pu pu purpofe?

Ski. No he's counterfet I will tell no lyes, 2620
As fure as Skinke deceiu'd thee of thy clothes,
Sent thee to Kent, gaue thee thy fare by water,
So fure hee's falfc, and I the perfet Hermit,

Glo. This villaine is a coniurer I doubt,
Were he the deuill yet I would not budge,

Red. Si fi firra, you are the co countefeite, O this is the tr tr
true He Hermit, fta fta ftand ftill g good man at that, ile bu
bumbaft you yfaith, ile make you g giue the olde m m man
his gowne.

*Offers to ftrike, Glofter trippes vp his heeles, fhifts Skinke 2630
into his place.*

G g gods lid are ye go good at that? ile cu cudgell yee f f for
this tr tr tricke.

Ski. It was not I twas he that caft thee downe,

Red. You li li li lye you ra ra rafcall you, I le left ye ft ftan-
ding he heare.

Ski. Zounds hold you ftammerer, or Ile cut your ftumps.

Gl. He's for me he's weapon'd, I like that.

Red. O heer's a ro ro rogue in ca ca carnat, help, mu murder
murder.

*Enter Lancafter & Huntsmen at one doore, Leyfter & Huntsmen 2640
at another.*
Lan. Lay

called Looke about you.

Lan. Lay holde vpon that theeuish counterfeit,

Ley. Why heares another Hermit Lancaster :

Glo. I am the Hermit fir, that wretched man

Doth many a robberie in my disguise :

Skin. Its he that robs, he slaunders me, he lies.

Lan. Which set on thee ?

Red. Th this fffellow has a fffsword and a buckler.

Lan. Search him ; this is the theefe, o heares my purse, 2650

My chaine, my Iewels : oh thou wicked wretch,

How darst thou vnder shew of holines,

Commit such actions of impietie ?

Bind him, Ile haue him made a publicke scorne.

Ski. Lay holde vpon that other hermit.

He is a counterfeit as well as I,

He stole those clothes from me, for I am Skinke,

Search him, I know him not, he is some slaue.

Glo. Thou lyeest bafe varlet.

Re. O g God he has a sword too, S Skink are you ca catcht ? 2660

Lan. Villaine thou shalt with me vnto the Court.

Ley. And this with me, this is the traytor Gloster.

Glo. Thou lyeest proud Leyster I am no traytor.

Re. G gloster ? O b braue, now m my father sh shal be f free

Lan. Earle Gloster I am sorry thou art taken.

Glo. I am not taken yet, nor will I yeild

To any heare but noble Lancaster,

Let Skinke be Leysters prisoner Ile be thine.

Ley. Thou shalt be mine.

Gl. First through a crimson sluice, Ile send thy hated soule 2670
to those blacke fiendes

That long haue houered gaping for their parte,

When tyrant life should leaue thy traytor heart.

Come Lancaster keep Skinke ile goe with thee,

Let loose the mad knaue, for I prayse his shifts,

He shall not starte away, ile be his guide,

And with proude looks outface young Henries pride.

Ley. Looke to them Lancaster vpon thy life.

Red. Well ile r r run and get a p pardon of the K K K King,

Gl Gloster and Skinke ta ta taken ? O b b braue, r r r run re 2680

K

Re

A pleafant Commodity

Re Red ca cap a and ca ca cary the firft n n newes to co co court.

Ley. Lancafter ile helpe to guarde them to the Court.

Lan. Doe as you pleafe.

Glo. Leyfter doe not come neare me, for if thou doe, thou fhalt buy it dearely.

Ley. Ile haue thy hand for this.

Glo. Not for thy heart.

Ski. Braue Earle, had Skinke knowne thou hadft been the Noble Glofter (whoſe mad trickes haue made mee loue 2690 thee) I would haue dy'd Blacke heath red with the bloud of millions, ere we would haue been taken; but what remedy, we are faſt & muſt anſwere it like Gentlemen, like Souldiers, like reſolutes.

Gl. I ye are a gallant, come olde Lancafter,
For thy fake will I goe; or elſe by heauen
Ide ſend ſome dozen of theſe ſlaues to hel.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince Richard, Robert Hoode & Lady Faukenbridge. Sc. xvii

La. Your trauaile and your comfortable newes,
This Ring, the certaine ſigne you met with him, 2700
Bindes me in duetyous loue vnto your grace:
But on my knees I fall, and humbly craue,
Importune that no more, you nere can haue.

Ric. Nay then ye wrong me Lady Faukenbridge,
Did you not ioyn your faire white hand?
Swore that ye would forſweare your husbands bed,
If I could but finde out Gloſter?

La. I ſweare ſo? *Ric.* By heauen

Rob. Take heed, its a high oath my Lord.

Ric. What meanſt thou Huntington? 2710

Ro. To ſaue your ſoule, I doe not loue to haue my friends
She neuer promiſt that you vrge her with. (forſworne,

Ric. Goe to, prouoke me not.

Rob. I tell you true, twas I in her attyre that promiſt you,
She was gone vnto the wizard at Blacke heath,
And there had futers more then a good many.

Ric. Was I deluded then?

La. No

called Looke about you.

La. No not deluded, but hindred from desire vnchast and
O let me wooe yee with the tougue of ruth, (rude:
Dewing your Princely hand with pitties teares, 2720
That you would leaue this most vnlawful fute,
If ere we liue till Faukenbridge be dead,
(As God defend his death I should desire)
Then if your highnes daine so bafe a match,
And holy lawes admit a mariage,
Confidering our affinity in bloud,
I will become your Handmayde not your harlot.
That shame shall neuer dwell vpon my brow.

Rob. Ifaith my Lord she's honorably resolu'd,
For shame no more, importune her no more. 2730

Ri. Marian I see thy vertue, and commend it,
I know my error seeking thy dishonor,
But the respectlesse, reasonles commaund
Of my inflamed loue, bids me still try,
And trample vnder foote all pietye.
Yet for I will not seeme too impyous,
Too inconsiderate of thy seeming grieve,
Vouchsafe to be my Mistris: vse me kindly,
And I protest ile striue with all my power,
That lust himselfe may in his heate deuour. 2740

La. You are my seruant then.

Ric. Thankes sacred Miftresse.

Ro. What am I?

La. You are my fellow Robert.

Enter Faukenbridge in his hose and dublet.

Fau. What Prince Richard? noble Huntington?
Welcome, yfaith welcome, by the morrow Maffe
You are come as fitly as my heart can wish:
Prince Iohn this night will be a Reueller,
He hath inuited me and Marian. 2750
Gods mary mother goe along with vs,
Its but hard by, close by, at our towne Tauerne.

Ric. Your Tauerne?

Fau. O I I I tis his owne made match,
Ile make you laugh, ile make you laugh yfaith;

A pleasant Commodity,

Come, come, he's ready, O come, come away.

La. But wher's the Princeesse?

Fa. He's ready too, Block Bl. my man, must be her waiting
Nay wil ye goe? for gods sake let vs goe. (man,

Ri. Is the iest so? nay then let vs away. 2760

Rob. O twill allay his heate, make dead his fire.

Fau. Ye bob'd me first, ye first gaue me my hyre,
But come agods name, Prince Iohn staves for vs. *Exeunt.*

Rob. This is the word, euer at spend-thriftes feastes,
They are guld themselues, and scoft at by their guests. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn.

Sc. xviii

Ioh. Buffild and scoft, Skinke, Gloster, women, fooles, and
boyes abuse me?

Ile be reueng'd,

Ric. Reueng'd, and why good childe?

2770

Olde Faukenbridge hath had a worser basting.

Fa. I, they haue banded from chafe to chafe;
I haue been their tennis ball, since I did coort,

Ric. Come Iohn, take hand with vertuous Isabell,
And lets vnto the Court like louing friends,
Our Kingly brothers birth daies feastiual,
Is foorthwith to be kept, thether we'l hye,
And grace with pompe that great solemnity.

Jo. Whether ye wil, I care not where I goe:
If grieffe wil grace it, ile adorne the shew.

2780

Fa. Come Madam, we must thither, we are bound.

La. I am loath to see the Court, Gloster being from thence,
Or kneele to him that gaue vs this offence.

Fa. Body of me peace woman, I prethee peace.

Enter Redcap.

Red. Go go god ye, go god f speed ye,

Ioh. Whether run you fir knaue?

Red. R r run ye fir knaue? why I r run to my La Lady Fa Fau-
kenbridge, to te te tell her Sk Skinke and Gl Gloster is t ta-
ken, and are g g one to the C C Court with L Lord Leyfter, 2790
and L Lord la la Lancafter.

Io. Is Gloster taken? thether will I flye
Vpon wraths wings, not quiet til he dye. *Exit with Princesse*

Ri. Is

called Looke about you.

Rich. Is Gloster taken?

Red: I he is ta taken I wa warrant ye with a wi witnes,

Ric. Then will I to Court, & eyther fet him free, or dye the
Follow me Faukenbridge, feare not faire Madam: (death,
You said you had the Porter in your house,
Some of your seruants bring him, on my life
One hayre shal not be taken from his head,
Nor he, nor you, nor Gloster iniured.

2800

Fa. Come Mall, and Richard say the word nere feare.

Ro. Madam, we haue twenty thousand at our call,
The most, young Henry dares, is but to braule.

La: Pray God it prooue so.

(Porter.

Ric: Follow Huntington: fir Rich. doe not faile to send the

Fa: Blocke, bring the Porter of the Fleete to Court.

Bl. I wil fir.

Red: The p p Porter of the fl fl Fleete to Court? what p p
porter of the fl fl Fleete?

2810

Blo. What Redcap, run redcap, wilt thou see thy father?

Red. My fa father? I that I w wold f fee my f father, & there
be a p porter in your ho house, its my f father.

Bl. Follow me Redcap then.

Exit.

Red. And you were two to twenty b Blockes, ide ff follow
ye f so I would, and r run to the co co court too, and k kneele
before the k k King f f for his pa pardon.

Block within. Come away Redcap, run Redcap.

Red. I I I r r run as f f fast as I I ca ca can run I wa warrant
yee.

2820

Enter a Sinet, first two Herraldes, after them Leyster with a Sc. xix
Scepter, Lancaster with a Crowne Imperiall on a cushion: After
them Henry the elder bareheaded, bearing a swoord and a Globe:
after him young Henry Crowned: Elinor the mother Queene
Crowned: young Queene Crowned. Henry the elder places his
Sonne, the two Queenes on eyther hand, himsele at his feete,
Leyster and Lancaster below him.

Hen. Herrald, fetch Lancaster and Leyster Coronets,
Suffer no Marquesse, Earle, nor Countesse enter,

K 3

Except

A pleasant Commodity,

Except their temples circled are in golde, 2830

He deliuers Coronets to Leyster and Lancaſter.

Shew them our vize-roys: by our will controld

As at a cornation, euery Peere

Appeares in all his pompe, ſo at this feaſt

Held for our birth-right, let them be adorn'd.

Let Gloſter be brought in, crown'd like an Earle, *Exit*

This day we'll haue no parley of his death,

But talke of Iouiſanes and gleeſfull mirth.

Let Skinke come in, giue him a Barons feat,

High is his ſpirrit, his deſerts are greate, 2840

Kin. You wrong the honour of Nobilitie,

To place a robber in a Barons ſtead,

Quee. Its well ye tearme him not a murtherer.

Kin. Had I miſtearmed him?

Quee. I that had you Henry.

He did a peece of Iuſtice at my Bidding.

Kin. Who made you a Iuſtice?

Hen. I that had the power. *Kin.* You had none then.

Enter Gloſter and Skinke.

Ley. Yes he was crownd before. 2850

Hen. Why does not Gloſter weare a Coronet?

Glo. Becauſe his Soueraigne doth not weare a Crowne.

Hen. By heauen put on thy Coronet, or that heauen
Which now with a clear, lends vs this light,
Shall not be courtain'd with the vaile of night,
Eare on thy head I clap a burning Crowne,
Of red hot Yron that ſhall feare thy braines.

Ri. Good Gloſter Crowne thee with thy Coronet.

Lan. Doo gentle Earle.

Skin. Swounds doo, would I had one. 2860

Qu. Doo not I prethee keepe thy proud heart ſtill.

Glo. Ile weare it but to croſſe thy froward will.

Hen. Sit downe and take thy place.

Glo. Its the low earth.

To her I muſt, from her I had my breath.

Hen. We are pleaſ'd thou ſhalt ſit there, Skinke take thy
place among my nobles.

Enter

called Looke about you.

Enter Iohn and Ifabell with Coronets.

Ski. Thankes to King Henries grace.

Io. Iohn Earle of Morton and of Notingham,
With Ifabell his Countesse, bow themselues
Before their brother Henries Royall Throane.

2870

Hen. Assend your seats liue in our daily loue.

Enter Richard, and Robert with Coronets.

Ric. Richard the Prince of England, with his Ward
The noble Robert Hood, Earle Huntington,
Present their seruice to your Maiestie.

Hen. Y'are welcome too, though little be your loue.

Enter Faukenbridge with his Lady, she a Coronet

Fa. Olde Richard Faukenbridge, Knight of the crosse,
Lord of the Cinque ports, with his noble wife
Dame Marrian Countesse of west Hereford,
Offer their duties at this Royall meeting.

2880

Hen. Sit downe, thou art a newter, she a foe,
Thy loue we doubt, her hart too well we know.
What futors are without, let them come in.

Glo. And haue no Iustice where contempt is King.

Hen. Mad man I giue no care to thy loose words.

Jo. O fir y'are welcome, you haue your old seat.

Glo. Though thou sit hier yet my heart's as great.

2890

Que. Great heart wee'll make you lesser by the head.

Glo. Ill comes not euer to the threatned.

Enter Blocke and Redcap.

Hen. What are you two?

Red. M ma mary and't please you I am re re Redcap.

Hen. And what's your mate?

Blo. A poore Porter fir.

Job. The Porter of the fleet that was condemned.

Blo. No truely fir I was Porter last, when I left
The doore open at the Tauerne.

2900

Io. O ist you fir?

Ley. And what would you two haue?

Red. I co co come to re re re qui quier the young K K King
of his go goo goodnes, since Glo Gloster is t t aken, that he
wo wo would let my fa fa father haue his pa pa pardon.

Hen. Sirra

A pleasant Commodity

Hen. Sirra your father has his pardon sign'd,
Go to the office it shall be deliuered.

Red. And shall he be p p Porter a ga gaine ?

Hen. I that he shall, but let him be aduif'd
Heerafter, how lets out prifoners.

2910

Red. I wa warrant ye my Lord.

Hen. What haft thou more to fay ?

Red. Marry I wo would haue Skinke pu punisht for co co
Cunnicatching me.

Ley, Is that your bufines ?

Red. I by my t t troth is it.

Hen. Then get away.

Glo. A gainst Skinke (poore knaue)
Thou gets no right this day.

Bl. O but run backe Redcap for the Purfeuant.

2920

Red. O l Lord f fir, I haue another f fute for the p p Purfe-
uant, that has l l loft his b b box, and his wa wa warrant.

Hen. What meanes the fellow ?

Red. Why the pu pu Purfeuant fir and the po po Porter.

Glo. The box that I had from him, there it is.

Fau. Mary a me, and I was chargd with it.

Had you it brother Glofter ? Gods good mercy,

Hen. And what haue you to fay ?

Bl. Nothing fir but God bleffe you, you are a goodly com-
pany, except fir William or my Lady wil command me any 2930
more seruice.

Fau. Away you prating knaue, hence varlet, hence. *Exit.*

Ley. Put forth them fellowes there.

Red. A f fo fore I go goe I b b be f f ffeech you let Sk Skinke
and gl Glofter be lo lo looked too, for they haue p p playd
the k k knaues to to to b b bad.

Hen. Take hence that fluttering fellow, shut them forth.

Red. Nay Ile ru ru run, faith you shall not n n need to b b b
bid him ta ta take m me away, for re re Redcap will r ru run
rarely.

Exit. 2940

Hen. The sundrie misdemeanors late committed,
As theftes and shifts in other mens disguise,
We now must (knaue Skinke) freely tell thy faults.

Skin. Sweet

called Looke about you.

Skin. Sweet King by these two terrors to myne enemies,
that lend light to my bodies darknes: Cauilero Skinke
being beleagerd with an hoste of leaden heeles, arm'd in
ring Irish: cheated my hammerer of his Red cap and Coate;
was surpris'd, brought to the fleet as a person suspected, past
currant, till Gloster stript me from my counterfet, clad my
backe in filke and my hart in sorrow, and so left me to the 2950
mercy of my mother witt: how Prince Iohn releast me, he
knowes: howe I got Faukenbridges chaine, I know: but
how he will get it againe, I know not.

Fau. Where is it sirra, tell me where it is?

Glo. I got it from him, and I got Iohns sword,

Job. I would twere to the hilts vp in thy harte.

Ric. O be more charitable brother Iohn.

Ley. My Leidge, you need not by perticulars
Examine what the world knows too plaine,
If you will pardon Skinke, his life is sau'd, 2960
If not, he is conuicted by the Law.

For Gloster: as you worthyly refoul'd,
First take his hand, and afterward his head.

Hen. Skinke thou hast life, our pardon and our loue.

Ski. And your forgiuenesse for my robbery?

Io. Tut neuer trouble me with such a toy.
Thou hindrest me from hearing of my ioye.

Hen. Bring forth a blocke, wine, water and towell,
Kniues, and a Surgion to binde vp the vaines,
Of Glosters arme: when his right hand is off, 2970
His hand that strooke Skinke at the Parlament:

Sk. I shall beare his blowes to my graue my Lord.

Kin. Sonne Henry see thy fathers palzie hands,
Ioyn'd like two supplyants, pressing to thy throwne?
Looke how the furrowes of his aged cheeke,
Fild with the reuolets of wet eyde mone,
Begg mercy for Earle Gloster? weigh his gilt,
Why for a slaue, should Royall blood be spilt?

Ski. You wrong myne honour: Skink may be reueng'd,

Hen. Father I doe commend your humble course. 2980

A pleafant Commodity

But quite diflike the proiect of your fute,
Good words in an ill caufe makes the fact worfe,
Of blood or Bafenef, Iuftice will difpute,
The greater man the greater his tranfgreffion,
Where ftrength wrongs weaknes, it is meare oppreffion,

La. O but King Henry heare a fifter fpeake,
Glofter was wrong'd, his lands were giuen away,
They are not Iuftly faid, Iuft lawes to break,
That keep their owne right, with what power they may,
Thinke then thy Royall felfe began the wrong, 2990
In giuing Skinke what did to him belong.

Quee. Heare me Sonne Henry, while thou art a King,
Giue, take, pryfon, thy fubiects are thy flauaes,
Life, need, thrones: proud hearts in dungeons fling.
Grace men to day, to morrowe giue them graues.
A King muft be like Fortune; euer turning,
The world his football, all her glory furning.

Glo. Still your olde counsaile Beldam pollicie,
You'r a fit Tutrefse in a Monarchy.

Rich. Mother you are vniuft, fauage, too cruell, 3000
Vnlike a woman: gentlenes guides their fexe,
But you to furies fire ad more fewell,
The vexed fpirit, will you delight to vex?
O God when I confaite what you haue done,
I am a sham'd to be eftem'd your fonne.

Jo. Bafe Richard I difdaine to call thee brother,
Takeft thou a traytors part in our difgrace?
For Glofter, wilt thou wrong our facred mother?
I fcorne thee and defie thee to thy face.

O that we were in field, then shouldst thou trie, 3010

Rob. How faft Earle Iohn would from Prince Richard flye
Thou meet a Lyon in feeld? poore moufe,
All thy Carreers are in a Brothell houfe.

Iob. Zounds boy.

Ric. Now man:

Ley. Richard you wrong Prince Iohn.

Ric. Leyfter tware Good you prou'd his Champion.

Iob. Haften

called Looke about you.

Jo. Hasten the execution Royall Lord,
Let deeds make answer for their worthlesse wordes.

Glo. I know if I respected hand or head,
I am encompassed with a world of friends,
And could from fury bee deliuered.
But then my freedom hazards many liues.
Henry performe the vtmost of thy hate,
Let thy hard harted mother haue her wil,
Giue Franticke Iohn no longer cause to prate,
I am prepared for the worst of ill,
You see my knees kisse the cold pavements face,
They are not bent to Henry nor his friends,
But to all you whose blood fled to your hearts,
Shewes your true sorrowe in your ashy cheekes:
To you I bend my knees, you I intreat,
To smile on Glosters Resolution.

3020

3030

Who euer loues me will not shed a teare,
Nor breath a sigh, nor show a cloudy frowne,
Looke Henry, heares my hand, I lay it downe,
And sweare as I haue Knighthood heer't shall lye,
Till thou haue vsed all thy tyranny.

La. Has no man heart to speake?

Glo. Let all that loue me keepe silence, or by heauen Ile
hate them dying.

Quee. Harry off with his hand, then with his head.

Fau. By the red rood I cannot chuse but weepe.
Come loue or hate my teares I cannot keepe.

Que. When comes this lingring executioner?

Job. An executioner: an executioner:

Hen. Call none till we haue drunke: father fill wine,
To day your Office is to beare our cupp.

Ric. Ile fill it Henry.

K. kneele downe.

He. Dick you are too meane, so bow vnto your soueraigne, 3050

Gl. Kneele to his childe? O hell! O tortor! (Gloster learne:
Who would loue life, to see this huge dishonor?)

Hen. Saturne kneel'd to his Sonne, the God was faine
To call young Ioue his ages Soueraigne.

A pleasant Commodity

Take now your feate againe and weare your Crowne ;
Now shineth Henry like the Middayes Sonne,
Through his Horizon, darting all his beames,
Blinding with his bright splendor euery eye,
That stares against his face of Maiefty.

The Commets, whose malicious gleames
Threatned the ruine of our Royalty,
Stands at our mercy, yet our wrath denyes
All fauour, but extreame extremityes.
Gloster, haue to thy sorrow, chafe thy arme
That I may see thy bloud (I long'd for oft)
Gush from thy vaines, and staine this Pallace rooffe.

Io. Twould exceed gilding.

Quee. I as golde doth Oaker.

Glo. Its wel ye count my bloud so precious.

Hen. Leyster reach Gloster wine.

Ley. I reach it him ?

Hen. Proude Earle ile spurne thee, quickly go & beare it

Glo. Ile count it poyson if his hand come neere it.

Hen. Giue it him Leyster vpon our displeasure.

Glo. Thus Gloster takes it, thus againe he flings it,
In scorn of him that sent it, and of him that brought it.

Ski. O braue spirit !

La. Brauely resolu'd brother, I honour thee.

Quee. Harke how his sister ioyes in his abuse ?
Wilt thou indure it Hall ?

Fau. Peace good Marian.

Hen. Auoyde there euery vnder Officer.
Leaue but vs, our Pieres and Ladyes heere.
Richard you loue Earle Gloster : looke about
If you can spye one in this company,
That hath not done as great a sinne as Gloster ;
Chuse him, let him be the executioner.

Ric. Thou hast done worfe then, like rebellious head,
Hast arm'd ten thousand hands against his life
That lou'd thee so, as thou wert made a King,
Being his childe, now he's thy vnderling.

I haue

called Looke about you.

I haue done worfe: thrife I drew my fwoord,
In three fet battles for thy falfe defence.
Iohn hath done worfe, he ftill hath tooke thy part,
All of vs three haue fmitte our fathers heart;
Which made proude Leyfter bolde to ftrike his face,
To his eternall fhame, and our difgrace.

Hen. Silence, I fee thou meanft to finde none fit.
I am fure, nor Lancafter, nor Huntington,
Nor Faukenbridge, will lay a hand on him. 3100
Mother, wife, brother, lets defcend the Throane
Where Henry is the Monarch of the Weft,
Hath fet amongft his Princes dignified.
Father take you the place, fee Iuftice.

Kin. Its iniuft Iuftice I muft tell thee Sonne.

Hen. Mother holde you the Bafon, you the Towell,
I know your French hearts thirst for Englifh bloud;
Iohn, take the Mallet, I will holde the knife,
And when I bid thee fmite, ftrike for thy life:
Make a marke Surgion, Glofter now prepare thee. 3110

Glo. Tut, I am ready, to thy worft I dare thee.

Hen. Then haue I done my worft, thrife honoured Earle,
I doe imbrace thee in affections armes.

Quee. What meanes thou Henry? O what meanes my Son?

Hen. I meane no longer to be lullaby'd,
In your feditious armes.

Hen. wife. *Mordieu* Henry.

Hen: *Mordieu* nor deuill, little tit of Fraunce,
I know your hart leapes, at our hearts mifchaunce,

Jo. Swounds Henry thou art mad: 3120

Hen I haue bin mad; what ftampft thou Iohn? knowft thou
not who I am?

Come ftamp the deuill out, fuckt from thy Dam.

Que. Ile curffe thee Henry.

Hen. You'r beft be quiet, leaft where we finde you, to the
Tower we beare you,

For being abroad, England hath caufe to feare yee. .

Kin. I am ftrucke dombe with wonder.

A pleafant Commodity

Glo. I amaz'd, imagine that I fee a vizio.

Hen. Glofter, I giue thee firft this Skinke, this flaue, 3130
Its in thy power, his life to fpill or faue,

Skin. He's a noble gentleman, I doe not doubt his vſage.

Hen. Stand not thus wondring, Princes kneele all downe,
And caſt your Coronets before his Crowne.

Downe ſtubborne Queene, kneele to your wronged King,

Downe Mammet; Leyſter ile cut of thy legs,

If thou delay thy duety: when proude Iohn?

Io. Nay if all kneele, of force I muſt be one.

Fau. Now by my holydom a vertuous deed.

Hen. Father you ſee your moſt rebellious ſonne, 3140

Stricken with horror of his horred guilt,

Requeſting ſentence fitting his deſart,

O treade vpon his head, that trode your heart.

I doe deliuer vp all dignity,

Crowne, Scepter, ſwoord vnto your Maieſty.

Kin. My heart ſurfets with ioy in hearing this.

And deare Sonne ile bleſſe thee with a kiſſe.

Hen. I will not riſe, I will not leaue this ground,

Till all theſe voyces ioyned in one ſound:

Cry, God ſaue Henry ſecond of that name, 3150

Let his friends liue, his foes ſee death with ſhame.

All. God ſaue Henry ſecond of that name,

Let his friends liue, his foes ſee death with ſhame.

Hen. Amen, Amen, Amen.

Joh. Harke mother harke?

My brother is already turned Clarke.

Quee. He is a recreant, I am mad with rage.

Hen. Be angry at your enuy gracious mother,

Learne patience and true humility

Of your worſt tuter'd Sonne, for I am he. 3160

Send hence that Frenchwoman, giue her her dowry,

Let her not ſpeake, to trouble my milde ſoule,

Which of this world hath taken her laſt leaue:

And by her power, will my proude fleſh controule.

Off with theſe filkes, my garments ſhall be gray,

My

called Looke about you.

My shirt hard hayre, my bed the ashey dust,
My pillow but a lumpe of hardned clay :
For clay I am, and vnto clay I must,
O I beseech ye let me goe alone,
To liue, where my loose life I may bemone.

3170

Kin. Sonne ?

Quee. Sonne ?

Ric. Brother ?

Jo. Brother ?

Hen. Let none call me their Sonne, I am no mans brother,
My kindred is in heauen, I know no other,
Farewell, farewell, the world is yours, pray take it,
Ile leaue vexation, and with ioy forsake it.

Exit.

La. Wondrous conuersion.

Fau. Admirable good : now by my holydam Mall passing 3180

Ric. H'ath fir'd my soule I will to Palestine, (good.

And pay my vowes before the Sepulcher,
Among the multitude of misbeliefe.

Ile shew my selfe the Souldier of Chrifit,
Spend blood, sweat teares, for satisfaction

Of many many finnes which I lament :
And neuer thinke to haue them pardoned,

Till I haue part of Sirria conquered.

Glo. He makes me wonder, and inflames my spirits,

With an exceeding zeale to Portingale,

3190

Which Kingdome the vnchristned Sarifons,

The blacke fac'd Affricans, and tawny Moores,

Haue got vniustly in possession :

Whence I will fire them with the help of heauen.

Ski. Skinke will scotch them braue Gloster

Make Carbonadoes of their Bacon fletches ;

Deferue to be counted valiant by his valour,

And Ryuo will he cry, and Castile too,

And wonders in the land of Ciuile doo.

Rob. O that I were a man to see these fights,
To spend my blood amongst these worthy Knights.

3200

Fa. Mary aye me, were I a boy againe,

Ide

A pleasant Commodity

Ide either to Ierusalem or Spaine.

Iob. Faith Ile keepe England, mother you and I
Will liue, for all this fight and foolery.

Kin. Peace to vs all, let's all for peace giue prayse,
Vnlookt for peace, vnlookt for happy dayes.

Loue Henries birth day, he hath bin new borne,

I am new crowned, new settled in my feate.

Lets' all to the Chappell, there giue thanks and praise, 3210

Befeeching grace from Heauens eternal Throne,

That England neuer know more Prince then one. *Exeunt*

F 7 N I S.

